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N YOUR HANDS, AUSTRALIANS



BY C. E. W. BEAN

In Your Hands, Australians

BY
C. E. W. Bean

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INTRODUCTION.

We have done with the Great War. We are facing peace. This small book has been written to help the men of the A.I.F. and the young people of Australia, now that our country rides safely in harbour with her vast future before her, to fill their spare time with the line of thought: "What can we all do for Australia in the long peace which many who will not return have helped to win?"

One does not need to enlarge upon Australia—that word alone means too much to us now to call for a single sentence of mine to expand it. But what we can do for her may at least be the theme for thousands of debating societies here and in Australia. If these few pages assist young Australians to think how they can help Australia themselves in any capacity, the purpose for which they were penned is more than served.

Any author's profit from this book is devoted to funds of the A.I.F.

C. E. W. BEAN.

November, 1918.

IN YOUR HANDS, AUSTRALIANS.

I.

THE LEGACY.

They gave it into your hands, Australians, when the bullet took them. It lies in your hands now—you, the younger generation of Australia; you, the men of the A.I.F., most of whom are still young Australians; even to the young Australians still at school. Australia lies in your hands now, where those men, dying, laid her. This is not a mere fancy—it is the simple, splendid truth. You have a much bigger task facing you than the Australian Force in France and at Anzac had. It is the same great task really; but the A.I.F. only began it.

The men who would have won through it so splendidly—the men who could have fought it with a certainty of winning—they started out on it with such pride in their country and what they were going to do for her. Perhaps you may remember the early days when they trained—and went away. When they reached the front they led the first stages of the fight, and grandly they led it. They stood where others crouched; they were up and over the top when others hesitated; they went straight for the machine-gun when others planned or thought or questioned.

They began the fight grandly. They established the

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name of our country amongst the foremost of all brave nations. They made our people a famous people, though it is only a small people; they made it so famous that every Australian is proud for the world to know that he is an Australian. That was what these men did for you—all in three or four years.

But, one after another, we who watched saw them fall and lie there motionless while the attack swung on and forgot them. The great fight went on for Australia—rolled over and beyond them. And they, who could have led it, lay under the moonlight, on the wan brown moorland battlefield. The shellbursts, the smoke and dust and noise moved away into the far horizon. But they who could have fought that battle as none of us could—and we know it—they lay far behind, face upward under the stars. Some good friends of the platoon, of the company, came back afterwards and placed a little cross made of biscuit-box above the body, or carried it gently to one of our crowded graveyards. But they had passed out of the great fight for Australia. They had given everything.

And why did they do it? Why did they enter that service? What were they aiming to obtain? What were they fighting for? Not themselves, certainly. No man, unless it be the Kaiser and the great German Staff, ever entered this war for himself. It was different from any private business—no man entered this war to make money out of it.

They entered it and they fought to keep the world (and Australia above all the world) a free place, where men have the right to live according to their lights, provided those lights involve no harm to others, without being dictated to by others who happen to be stronger than they. They know that if the rule of Might over Right became the order of the day, then Australia was

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not safe—and they wanted Australia to be the sort of place which we think ideal to live in. They wanted to make her a great and good country—yes, the greatest and best country in the world. That is what Australia was to them. That is why they fought.

I don't suppose that one of those men ever died without thinking of those behind him in Australia. They liked to think that Australia was as proud of them as they were of her; that Australians were watching their deeds as anxiously and proudly as a mother watches her sons. When things were really bad—in the clinging, orange Somme mud, when the fatigue of dragging one foot after another out of that morass became almost unbearable on the march; when the cold stopped all circulation and actually bit the flesh from the bone so that many men had to have their feet cut off despite all precautions; when men were almost at the end of their tether and would have welcomed death certainly—the one consolation was to think: "If those in Australia knew, how pitiful and how proud they would be." Many a man lying out there at Pozières or in the low scrub at Gallipoli, with his poor tired senses barely working through the fever of his brain, has thought in his last moments: "Well—well—it's over; but in Australia they will be proud of this."

It is the loss of those men, beyond all question, that is Australia's loss in this war. The money—the material—is nothing, simply nothing. With a trifling effort we can replace all that—if we did not we should scarcely miss it. But we can never bring back those 60,000 men. In the midst of the work which they began so grandly they were cut off—the very best men our young country had; these that we could so ill spare—the sort of men of whom this vast Australia, with its tiny population, wanted all that it could possibly get. Australia

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wanted all its population to be of that kind—and more. And it lost them when their work was only begun. Who is there to go on with their work and to give them what they died for?

Only you—the younger generation of Australia. No one else can do it. If there is to come about what they fought for, you must do it. Otherwise they will have died in vain. They handed that work on to you; when they fell dying they left it in your hands—yours and ours who survived them. What are you going to do about it? You will put up a memorial to them—a memorial which will enclose for ever the sacred relics of their fighting and the treasured, precious pictures of their sacrifice. A history of it will be written to crystallise for all time the greatest incident in Australian history—this first revelation of the Australian character. But their work—the work they left unfinished; the making of Australia into such a place as they would have wished to make it; the making of Australia, this country that they died for—who is going to do it? They cannot do it now—the home return that they looked forward to will never come; they will never see the smiling faces, the bright cities, the laughter, the cheers, the gay hand-waving which they pictured to themselves again and again in their yellow, soppy, muddy, shell-hole trenches. Those things are not for them. They will not return to help to make up the country which they loved and longed for. Who is going to make of it the country they wished to see?

It is you—the younger Australians—even the boys and girls of Australia. You or no one.

I know that they often dreamed and dreamed of the country that they would make of her. For example, there was one youngster who was a very, very fine platoon commander. He knew his men through and

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through. And the more he knew them the more he was filled with the same idea which has impressed hundreds of Australians here: that *anything* could be made of Australia.

He used to dream of what he could help to make of Australia. In the long hours of the night at Fleurbaix, when the white flares shot from behind the German parapet opposite and stooped like graceful, glinting lilies over No-man's-land, it was not these that he saw.

A patch of unkempt white wet grass was vignettied for twenty seconds till the thing fell smouldering into it, half extinguished. It lay there a few instants and died. The sandbags sprang into glaring white against the sky, and then the deep shadow of the trench rose as the flare fell and consumed them; but his eyes saw only a land of sunshine—of green and gold. A German machine-gun and then another chirruped out like a pair of canaries, ran along in step for a minute, and then died in a few resentful outbursts. The night was quiet again. And all the while this boy leaned against the parapet and thought: "What can we make of Australia? When we get back . . . ? What cannot we make of Australia?"

When he went on his short leaves from the front he used to go to any place where he thought he could pick up knowledge which would be useful for Australia—to Bournville chocolate works to find out how a factory could be run; to Liverpool to see how great mail steamers could be received; to model villages, model houses, model gardens, to see how his country and its homes might be made beautiful.

And then a German machine-gun laid him low, near Passchendaele. The head that held all that knowledge for Australia lay in the vile mud of a Broodseinde shell-

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crater. In the dawn, like thousands upon thousands of others, with the glowing light under the yellowing sky and the ragged grey clouds just showing through the cold vapour of vanishing dusk, that bright life with all its plans for Australia flickered out.

That is the loss to Australia. Who is going on with that work for her? Who is going to finish the fight which he began?

You—the young people of Australia. You, or no one.

II.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

They believed Australia would be the greatest and best country in all the world. They cannot make her so—60,000 of the very best we had are out of the struggle. They lie—perhaps you will see those crosses some day—on the battlefields that we know; the battlefields where all the world will come as visitors. As long as the world lasts the name of Australia will be for ever present to all who pass over certain foreign fields and hillsides. It cannot pass away. Lying in their thousands they have fixed it there. You may see them there some day. You will see in your midst the great museum and gallery sacred to them. They can never finish the fight which they began for Australia. But you, the younger generation, their survivors in the A.I.F., the young people of Australia, can do it for them.

It can be done for two reasons. First, whereas all the other countries are made, Australia is a country still to make; that gives us one chance. Secondly, whereas in nearly all other countries the thinking out what the nation should be, and making laws to turn it into those paths, is a privilege of only part of a nation, in Australia, where we have no classes at all in that sense, the making of a nation is in the hands of every man and woman, every boy and girl. They can all of them take part in the work. And therefore the chances are that we get a wider choice of brains to help us, a wider choice of brave men and women, of independent thinking people, of steady and often brilliant brains, all available

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to concentrate on the same subject. That system has helped in this war; it helped us to get better officers with better brains, and it will help us in this bigger task of peace. We start with two advantages, and therefore the task of making Australia the best and happiest country in the world ought not to be impossible, if only we will tackle it.

But it involves one great condition.

We have to make up our minds, right here and now, at the beginning of the struggle, whether we are going to work in life for ourselves or for Australia.

What did these men do—these men who died—every man in the A.I.F.? Why did they suddenly go into the most serious business of their lives by enlisting? People did not realise at first that it *was* the most serious business. People at first thought these men were playing at soldiers—that they were milkmen or farmers or rouseabouts or clerks really, and only make-believe soldiers. People were foolishly wrong. The men they saw enlisting and becoming privates, sergeants, lieutenants, might have been milkmen before; but the milkman business was a pastime compared with the reality of their new business. They were in that new business of soldiering with a seriousness that had never been known before in anything. Within six months their lives depended upon the new business. No one took the training for a milkman's calling particularly seriously. The clerk had possibly worked through a few classes in shorthand. But within a year the lives of hundreds of men depended from hour to hour upon how well each of these Australian soldiers had studied and trained in his military business. The captains and majors may have been policemen, lawyers, clergymen, overseers, saddlers once. But they were never in so deadly real and all-absorbingly serious an occupation as their present one of captain or

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major in an army which plunged into such fighting as the A.I.F. found awaiting them.

And why did they suddenly undertake this urgent, all-exacting business which held them for years as the real business of their lives, and which cost 60,000 of them what no other business has ever or can ever cost them—the free gift of those lives? Commonly the men and women of Australia enter their life's callings for themselves—for their salaries or their profits; for the personal gain to be made out of them. But this great profession into which 350,000 men went, this great business of their lifetime, this calling—why did they take it up?

Not for themselves. Not for money. I do not believe that in one single case an Australian went into it for the pay that he got out of it—if one here or there ever did, it was the most appallingly bad bargain to make. They went into this calling for an idea. In every case. Every man who was in that huge, dreadful business, was in it for the sake of a great unselfish idea. He had to make his choice between his private interests and Australia. And he chose Australia. And 60,000 died for her and 151,000 others were wounded, and thousands upon thousands more suffered sickness and other heavy trials for her.

They entered this great work for their country. They held that it was worth the cost; that the chance of leaving Australia great, good, and free—the sort of Australia that such men as they would choose for themselves and their wives and their children, their brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers and their friends to live in—was worth the greatest work of their lives, and even their lives themselves.

And is it not—young Australians? These men, who are not there to see and care for the result of their work,

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have made the name of Australia a wonderful thing in this world. They have handed into your keeping a wonderful, precious possession—Australia. Is she not worth living and dying for? Is it not worth a life's work to make her more beautiful, better, greater, happier; even if we can only do something for one little corner of her, in one little way—is it not worth doing?

You have to choose whether you will do the work of your life for Australia or for yourselves. Whether you will make your salary or private profits the chief business and interest of your life, or whether you will give your thoughts and your spare time and your enthusiasm to your nation, to your own people, your country—to Australia.

It does not mean that your interest in your country involves your giving up your calling or the profession in which you hope to make your livelihood. In the State as it is organised at present one of the first duties that a man owes to his country, and one of the straightest means of working for her, is that he should support himself, and his family if he has one; and should bring up his children in decent, happy, generous surroundings such as all children in Australia ought to have. For a man to find and do the work that he is best fitted for is his first duty to his nation.

But it does mean that in his school, in his business, in his leisure, his chief aim should be—not to grow rich at any price; not to grab all the pleasure and comfort that he can for himself; but: "What can I do for our town? What can I do for our district? What can I do for our nation, for our country, for Australia? How can I make them more beautiful and happier, healthier and stronger? What plan can I invent or help to work out? What thing can I do for Australia? How can I help

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to make her the greatest, best, most beautiful, happiest country in the world, with the strongest people, the most brilliant arts, the healthiest and prettiest towns, the best laws . . . ? How can I make my country the first in the generous competition of the world—the competition of good and generous qualities?”

Unless the results of this war are to be thrown away, you have to take up that work which was only begun at Anzac and Pozières, at Broodseinde and Villers Bretonneux. You have to fight it. It will need exceeding bravery. It will need independence of decision, firm will, brilliant thought. You have to decide whether you will live and make your business for yourself—or for Australia. The two will always clash. Yourself or your nation? Will you give your life purely to money-making and pleasure-making? Or will you give your life and thought—whatever trials it cost, whatever bravery it need—to Australia, just as those great men did whose crosses lie about the foot of Shrapnel Valley and amid the old grass-tufted shell craters at Pozières?

If you will give your lives to Australia, always, for all time, this little book is written to suggest a few ways in which every man, woman, and child can live for his country; ways in which you can all enlist in this great, generous fight for Australia, to place and keep your country, if possible, amongst the greatest countries in the world.

You, young Australia, men of the A.I.F., boys and girls of our Australian schools—you cannot do it all at once. But you can make up your minds now that, when you reach Australia, or when you come of age, then, come what will, you will have this Australia clean, great, and strong, even if you have to invent the machinery and the methods to do it with; even if you have to build up between you a great big broom and

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bundle all of us poor, musty old cobwebs of the previous generation into the sea. You have to make up your mind for yourselves—not even dad or mother to help you—even if it clashes with other men's or women's minds. Make it up now; and act when you can with courage—straight out, over the top and at the enemy; straight to your goal.

As they did—who lie there.

III.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

For the first time since the world began we men and women of the world are forming a government for the whole of it. Some people seem to think, and have said, that there is a danger in this pride in our country; that quarrels and enmities with other nations will follow if we are proud of our own. It is utterly untrue.

The 1st Battalion, when it tried to make itself the best battalion in the world, was not opposing nor doing or willing harm to the other battalions in the 1st Brigade. On the contrary it was helping and improving the 1st Brigade. The brigade which tried to be better than all other brigades was not spoiling the division—it was making it; the division which was proudest of itself was not against the A.I.F. It was bursting with pride in the A.I.F. The A.I.F. was not a weakness in the 4th Army—it was the strength of it; and the 4th Army, in trying to outstrip all other armies, helped to win the war for the world.

This Nationalism is the soul of our race and the greatest spur to its progress. A pride in Australia and a determination that, come what may, she shall be the greatest and happiest country on earth, means no harm to any other place or creature on God's earth. We have done with the war, God knows—we are only trying to make the full and real use of the Peace for which our finest Australians fought that war and died; and that is a struggle in which all can join, even those who honestly opposed the war. We want no divisions,

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no jealousies. We would do or think no harm to any other people. If they can make their country a better country than ours, or their nation a stronger, healthier, happier nation—then good luck to them. They deserve it. But not if we know it! In this generous competition there is no harm to any living thing. We have to make our nation in the league of nations the best possible nation; our jewel in this ring of jewels the brightest and most valuable jewel; our councillor in the league the wisest and most generous; our help the strongest and quickest; our word the straightest; our name one which will have the respect of all the rest. . . . That is our duty to the new World State.

IV.

THE TOWNS.

In order to show that what is written here is not all abstract and in the clouds, let us give, as a concrete example of how the Australian can work for his country, the work which he can do for his town. This will be dealt with again later, in its proper chapter; but it is worth while referring to it here in order to give just one instance to show how these suggestions work out in practice.

The easiest field in which any Australian can at once help his country is—his town. He can make his town a model among towns. A place where boys and girls will grow up healthy, happy, intelligent, free—fit people to take up the running where those great men left it.

After all, one can probably do more good for one's country by helping to improve her towns than by helping even in the Parliament of the State or Commonwealth, because the towns are the birthplace and living-place of a very great number of our people. It may not be a work as highly admired to plant avenues of shady trees in the roads, or make fine parks, or convenient, happy playgrounds, or good drains and clean, convenient streets, as it is to pass laws about bankruptcy or devise Acts to deal with the State Public Service. But it probably affects the ordinary daily life and happiness and health of all our people a good deal more. It is one of the very important things that we can do for Australia—to improve her towns.

Australians who have been around the world with

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the A.I.F. have learnt this, in general, beyond all possible dispute, that the big, healthy, strong races are the country races; and that those soldiers who come from the big, crowded cities, tend to be little, white-faced, stunted, narrow-chested men. One of the big, obvious lessons of the war to all Australians who took part in it is that a strong race does not grow up in big, crowded cities—manufacturing cities especially. The races which once were strong-framed and big and which have been crowded into congested factory centres tend to become now weedy and weak, and their minds to become as stunted and small as their bodies. The automatic doing of one thing all day long has prevented them from exercising their minds just as the lack of fresh air and space has prevented them from growing and exercising their bodies. And the fact that they were always in someone else's employment and living in cities, where almost everything they had to do was settled for them, tends to prevent them from exercising their wills. They seldom tend to make good soldiers, although the spirit was there deep down, and the more they got away from that cramped factory life and conditions, the better soldiers they made.

The obvious conclusion was that, for a nation to be strong, the best life is a country life, where a man is mostly his own master and has to make up his mind for himself and contrive all sorts of things for himself which in the cities are provided for him. And that the next best thing for a nation is that its people should live in country towns, where there is plenty of fresh air and open space and most people have to use their brains and wills in looking after themselves; and that least good of all was the life in the great factory cities. But if a nation did live in cities, then the more those cities resembled the country towns and the country itself the

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better it would be for the nation ; and if the nation lived in cities and allowed its cities simply to become crowded collections of factories, then it was death to that nation. There is no doubt about that—the nations which crowd into great manufacturing towns, without a care for their people, and only caring how much of the world's trade they can capture, are dying—not by slow degrees but quickly.

Therefore this question of our towns is one of the greatest importance in making a great and good Australia.

Now no country can live without towns—Australia is like all others. Even the greatest, healthiest, purely country nations which have a great, splendid farming population—like New Zealand—must have at the very least some places where their farming produce can be sold and dealt with : ports where it can be sent overseas, factories where it can be frozen or canned. The man who buys the lamb and the man who freezes it cannot live all over the country, and go chasing one another in fast motor-cars whenever they want to arrange for buying, selling, storing, or shipping the lamb or the lamb's wool. They must live together so that they can talk it over whenever they want. The factories which deal with the meat and the wool of the lamb, the offices which make the sales and keep the accounts, and the banks which lend or keep the money, must all be together.

For these and many other causes which anyone can reason out, towns, and possibly big towns, are necessary even in a purely country State. Probably it is easier for a nation to keep its strength if it has a number of fair-sized towns, as in New Zealand, than if it has a few very big cities, as in Australia. And therefore the opening up of all the good and convenient ports along our

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coast is one of the first needs of Australia, not only because it will help our country people, but because it will tend to keep our towns of an even size. However, our big towns will not grow smaller. We have to receive our Australia as she is. She has her big towns and her small towns. And the question what sort of towns they are is one of immense and immediate importance in our task of making our country (as far as we can) the best and greatest country of all.

Therefore, anyone who busies himself in making his town a perfect town is not losing his energies upon something that does not count. He is turning them on to one of the things that count the most for our country.

Now we in Australia have some tremendous advantages in shaping our towns. The first advantage is that our towns are only beginning as yet, and we have almost a clean slate to make them on as we like. In many places, for example, in the new ports up and down our coast, if we make them, we have a completely clean slate.

The second is that our towns have all of them plenty of land on which to spread, and that land is still mostly cheap—dirt cheap compared with the fabulous prices of the land which hems in the towns of almost all the other countries.

These two facts give us what the old countries of the world would pay—or will some day pay—all that they can to possess—a free hand in planning and moulding our towns. In the scheme of creating a great Australian nation by the improvement of our towns we are not merely improving bricks and mortar and paving stones. What we will really be doing—what we alone still have a free hand to do—is the planning and moulding of the conditions in which a great part of the Australian nation will and must always be born and brought up; and in which, when it is grown up, it will

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live. We have a free hand in making our people. Practically no other people in the world possesses it.

If England wanted to get that same privilege she would have to pay for it, in one way or another, probably as much money as she has raised to pay for all this gigantic business of war. She would have to pull down miles upon miles of slums and crowded factories; in some places as far as the eye could reach there would have to be men and machinery busy demolishing the terrible surroundings which they allowed the land speculators to establish in the days of Queen Victoria; there would have to be armies of men making huts to hold the population in the meantime, and other armies with trains and motor lorries feeding them; and other armies to plane out the ruins and plant them, and build healthy, beautiful homes instead of the prison-yard surroundings which one thoughtless generation permitted some of its members to build for a great part of the next generation to be dwarfed and stunted in. Possibly the task is too big. It may be that, however much they try to mould the upbringing of their future nation, some of the older countries of the world cannot now provide the ideal surroundings for them. It may be that too much has been done wrong in the cities of the old world for it ever to be set quite right.

But in our country we have the chance. Even we, in some of our biggest cities, may have gone so far wrong that we cannot ever quite correct the wrong. But it is only a trifling harm that has been done compared with the vast tragedies of lost opportunity in the older countries. We, too, have certain past mistakes to correct—certain parts of our big cities which have been laid out with wretched streets, without open spaces, with vast, crowded buildings cramped one on to the other—but those parts are trifling, even in Sydney and

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Melbourne, compared with the really important part of our Australian towns and cities. For by far the most important portion even of Sydney and Melbourne is really the part which has still to be built—which will be built in our lifetime or the lifetime of our children.

In doing what we can to give our thought and services to our country and assist in creating the future of Australia, it may be a great help to remember that the problem of the towns falls into two separate parts:

(1) Rectifying what has been done wrong in the past;

(2) Seeing that what is done in the future is done right.

“It is all very well, Mr. Author,” I hear you say, “to talk about our giving our services to see that what is done for the Australian nation in the future is done right. But how are we to give our services to see that it is done? And how are we to know that it is done right? You have given us ‘the town’ as an example of *where* we can help. You must give us an example of *how* we can set about helping.”

V.

ON STARTING A PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

The reason why great men in all countries have managed to accomplish the great things which made them famous is not only because they could see the big things that wanted doing, but because they realised (what most men do not realise) that they themselves had the power to bring those things about; at any rate to start the work and organise it themselves.

And all the progressive countries are the countries which contain men like that. The opposite attitude, which makes a country unprogressive, is that which argues: "Don't do a thing unless you can get it done for you by the Government. If you want anything done, demand that the Government shall do it. Wait on the Minister with a deputation and try and get a promise out of him; and then sit back and wait for the Government to provide the park or the school of arts or the bridge."

The great and progressive men and countries have always been those which disdained that sort of attitude, and if Australia is to be a progressive country it will have to disdain it. The reason is very simple, because a nation is really only the total of all its individual citizens; and the amount of progress which a nation makes is only the sum total of the progress made by all its separate citizens. If each citizen is energetic and determined to think things and do things himself, the nation is a progressive nation; if the individual citizens leave things to others to think and do, then few people are working, and the nation is unprogressive.

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The greatest difficulty in the way of getting great things done or trying to get them done, especially for any high, unselfish motive, has, curiously enough, in all countries and all ages, been the laughter of other people. Cynical people never get things done themselves, but they put down a perfect barrage of laughter upon those who think that they can do difficult things. More than anything they will laugh at those who attempt to do things themselves for the sake of their nation and not for the sake of their own pockets.

Well, a brave man or woman has to stand up to that chaff, just as at Anzac and Pozières the advancing line had to stand up to a barrage of machine-gun fire; and the harder task is to stand up to that laughter. But it is only necessary to remember that his elders in the Navy certainly laughed at Nelson, once; and to remember that some men laughed at our old First Division and called them "Tourists." They were working for an ideal, not for money, and they were laughed at—nobody laughs at them now.

Take the case of those Australian Divisions or the A.F.C. They did a great many things that were "impossible"—at the landing; in the air; they dug "impossible" dug-outs—all the authorities on the front had agreed that dug-outs in the clay or the sand-dunes were impossible, but they dug them; they held an "impossible" position at Anzac and at Pozières; they went out to an "impossible" position at Lone Pine; they broke an "impossible" barrier at Bullecourt; and held an "impossible" position when they got the Hindenburg line. They dug "impossible" trenches in "impossible" places; some of our people have even said that it was impossible for Australia to make an Army or a Navy—but it was done.

But none of those impossible things were done by

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waiting for the approval of other countries or for the Director-General of Mining to get them started, nor by waiting for the company commander, or the colonel, or the Staff order from divisional headquarters; or hesitating with the ammunition train till the barrage lifted from the road, or till someone in authority arrived who could say that in his opinion it really was impossible. They were done by strong men who made their decision instantly. "Here is the company on my left shot at from its flank," they said, "and if I take the 'pill-box' in front of me it will stop that shooting. I will go out straight and take that 'pill-box'"—and out they would go, straight, sometimes with their own barrage, and take the 'pill-box' and scupper the Germans there. They did not send a runner back to battalion headquarters to ask for something to be done. They did it.

And so when any young Australian in this fight for Australia sees some new thing that could be done for his town or district, or some old thing that was being badly done and could be done better, it is no use sitting down and waiting for the Government to come to his help or for the town council to do it for him. Half the troubles in our country arose from men saying: "Oh, what has it to do with me? I have my business to look after"; or: "What does it matter to me if the place does look like a rubbish heap? My salary is enough concern for me—why should I bother myself with seeing that the streets are properly planned or that the town has a decent library, or the district has a cricket club? I have enough to do in making money for myself."

This sort of man would have said: "What does it matter to me what the Germans do to the Belgians or to anyone else? I cannot stop it." But Australians did not do that—they said: "I cannot let these things go on in the world so long as I am alive in it. I must go and

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help to stop it myself." And we know what they did toward stopping it—so much that the war would not have ended this year if they had left that work to others.

But a man can often get a thing done only by persuading others to act with him—not waiting for them to act, but actively arranging with them to help him, which is a very different thing.

It is not always easy to say who are the people who decide what is to be done in a country or in a town. The law may say that it is the electors—everyone belonging to the nation who has lived in the nation's country for six months, for example. Every one of these persons may have equal power with every other one to say whether Latin shall be taught in the schools, or whether the tram ride shall cost 1d. or 2d.; whether the hotels shall close at 6 p.m., or what sort of bathing costume shall be worn on Manly Beach. But if everyone tried to get his own rules adopted they would never obtain any rules at all. What, as a matter of fact, would happen would be that a few of the cleverer and longer-headed people, who came together in an organisation and agreed to settle on certain rules, would be able to get all their pet ideas turned into law while the rest of the population was quarrelling; and the more the rest of the population quarrelled the more effective these few would be, because they would have their minds made up and would all act together, when the others were contradicting one another about the best thing and getting nothing done—not even the things on which they might all agree as being second best.

So, though the Constitution might say in black and white that the country was governed by a Parliament elected by all the electors, or the town controlled by a council elected by all the citizens, the Parliament might really be elected by quite a small party of long-headed

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men. Bob Smith, on coming eighteen years of age, might want to get his favourite man into Parliament or on to the town council. Theoretically he would have as much right to get him there and as much chance of doing so as anyone else. But if he tried to do so he would find that there were organised bodies of electors who might personally be quite friendly to Bob Smith's favourite, but who had decided not to vote for any man except one whom they all agreed upon. And they would vote in a block against Smith's man.

More than that. In practice even the greater number of people who voted in a block against Smith's man would not spend much time thinking about the right or wrong of it. They would be, as most people were before this war, chiefly concerned in their daily livelihood, busy thinking about the office, or the shop, or the races, or the stadium, or the week-end sail. Each individual Australian certainly did devote more time to thinking of public affairs than most men of most nations, though often simply with a view to seeing what Parliament could do for himself, his chance of balloting land, or his Saturday half-holiday, and not so much for the nation as a whole.

But even most Australians gave less time or thought to public affairs than they could give. The consequence was that the men who happened to lead in their organisation, the few who were interested, the most public-spirited, the secretaries, the candidates themselves, to a large extent made up the mind of the organisation; and the great majority, who belonged to it, who could not trouble to meet and discuss the various projects and proposals for their country or their town, simply accepted what the leaders, the secretaries, the candidates and the few active men advised them. And so it was these who, to a large extent, ruled the country.

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This long explanation is only to give a suggestion of one way—the easiest and one of the best ways—in which any young Australian, even boys and girls, and older Australians too, may enter the service of their country. They can organise for the improvement of their town, or of their country. A progress league—a citizens' league; even a political organisation, if you like. For it does not matter what the politics are—liberal, labour, independent, socialist, radical, moderate men, extreme men—if they are an attempt by honest, unselfish thought to benefit the country, and not ourselves, and to make Australia great and happy without thought of personal advantage—then they will help Australia.

And the best and easiest organisation, which you can establish in any school, in any town or village—even in a single class in a school, in a warehouse or a bank, in an office, in a boarding-house, is a debating society. Every battalion, every company, every big store, every school can have that—the boys can establish it even without their masters, and the girls without their mistresses.

Only, whatever the organisation, run it for the benefit of Australia. Do not leave it to the secretary or the leaders—however much effort or time it may need. Even if you are shy or short of confidence, give it your own thought. Do not mind if you are laughed at, or if others ask what is the use. There has never been anything outstanding done in the world by the man who was afraid to do something different from his fellows. If you do the same as all others, you will end the same as they, by doing nothing. Tackle these problems of Australia yourself. Make up your mind; and help to think and act for your country and your town—yourself.

You must fight—and not let others do it for you.

VI.

THE USE OF BRAIN.

Having formed your debating societies or your progress associations to discuss and settle what you can do for your town (or your country—or your district), how can you tell on what lines to settle it aright?

Heaven forbid that one should take it upon himself to lay down the law upon that. With thousands of bright young brains really busy upon it, the settlement will not go far wrong. But, just for the sake of example, to show what is meant, the rest of this book will contain two or three simple suggestions.

To begin with, none of the peoples of the world has come slowly to its goal through this soul- and body-wracking, searching, overwhelming experience of the last four years without learning something about the way in which goals must be attained.

There were of us before the war—heaven help us! it is scarcely credible now, but there were—who thought that the best way to bring about a social end was to let that end bring itself about. If we wanted the greatest number of people to be wealthy or happy or free we said: Leave them to themselves; let the world develop in its own way, and you'll see—the thing will come about. "If it is wanted," we said, "it will come about of itself. If it does not, that only proves that it is not wanted. Therefore, interfere with nothing; let trade, manufacture, agriculture, farmers, schoolmasters, public-houses, speculative builders, aldermen, and everyone else go their own way. Leave the nation and

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the big cities and the farmers and the children alone. They'll all grow up by nature, and everything will be sure to come right." That is what we said.

Then in 1914 we became engaged in a war; that is to say, in far the most serious business in which a man can engage. A man can misconduct a peaceful business for years, and hide his losses in his balance sheet; he can muddle through on a farm or a town council or in a speculation on the stock exchange, or sometimes even in a law case, and never lose enough money to hurt him. We have for generations muddled through the development of our nation, our cities, our country—let them develop themselves anyhow, without anyone being visibly punished. But you cannot conduct a war like that. Because if you do, you are killed. You are drilled through the heart by a bullet; or blown to pieces by a shell or a bomb; or drowned in the sea by a torpedo: at any rate you cause thousands of others to be bombed or shot or drowned. They would make short work of you and your theory of Chance, and put in someone instead who left nothing to chance, even for one instant, which could be regulated by careful planning.

In one act—in one month—we came to the end of that regime of chance, of all the humbug of this leaving things to chance—what they call the *laissez faire* of peace. The one advantage of war is that it puts a short end to humbug. You cannot deal with anything except the real situation when you are looking into the mouth of a loaded howitzer. It was realised within a very short time that the only way to win the objects of the war was to plan and plan and plan; to leave not one single little thing unplanned that could possibly be planned for effecting the objects of war. You gave your men schools and colleges—there was more study going on in France in a war winter than in all the

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universities of England. You did not leave a man to discover how to throw a bomb or how to work a machine-gun. You sent him to a school and taught him. If a man wanted promotion the country made it a condition that he must go and learn his business properly first. They reckoned out that men fought better if they were healthy and contented, and they were healthy and contented if they had recreation and good cooking; and so they provided cinemas behind the trenches, and theatres in ruined, shell-shattered houses, and concerts in big French barns (though the windows all had to be tight closed and blinded for fear the German airmen above would see them and drop a bomb on them); and for the cooking they made schools for cooks, and sent men away there to learn their job. In order to wage this war properly half the time had to be spent in learning. As soon as a battalion came out of the trenches you would see it split up in little groups under the trees or about the fields, each group with an officer or a sergeant, or some other expert, instructing it or lecturing to it as if the whole war were one great university.

There was a sudden, short, sharp end in the war of the doctrine that things go on all right by themselves. The Government had to take over, even in Britain, the railways, the coal mines, and the ships; it had in the end to run the food and most of the commodities. Coal is a limited commodity; but it was further limited in the war by want of labour. Therefore they wasted it no more than they wasted meat. They even reckoned that by turning it into electric power Britain would save fifty-five million tons a year; and by reduction in transport would save £100,000,000 a year. And had the war lasted long enough, these huge changes would have been undertaken. Instead of things running them-

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selves, long before the end of the war, for the sake of simple efficiency the whole nation and its belongings, from ocean liners down to margarine, from giant munition works down to schools of cookery and pierrot troupes and cinema shows in battered villages, was organised on the most elaborately careful plan.

I do not think that anyone who ever saw that vast organisation behind the lines in France will ever again go back to the theory that the nation can muddle through somehow. The lesson of the war was that by organisation you can do anything; whatever needs to be done can be done if you will only carefully plan to do it—if you think beforehand of all the things that will happen, of all the things to be avoided, of all the helps that can be provided. . . Plan them, fit them in, allow for them.

Therefore, if we want to make Australia the greatest and best country, it can be done by planning. If the plan and the scheme is perfect enough; and if the thousands of brains that we can bring to bear on the subject are bright and active and energetic enough, we can make our country as near perfect as it is possible for a country to be.

But it can only be done by planning. We can leave nothing to chance. What is the use of all the science and experience of all the ages if we do not make use of it to help us? We ought not to have to muddle through all past experience for ourselves. We ought to have schools of all these sciences to help us to begin where others have left off.

We must not leave our back-country districts to develop by chance. We must give them all the help that science, planning, and careful organisation can give.

We must not let our country townships grow up anyhow. We must give them the best and shadiest streets, the most beautiful surroundings, the finest sani-

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tation, the greatest advantages of recreation for mind and body that clever brains can invent.

Least of all must we let our big cities struggle up haphazard—that is the straight way to ruin our race. We must provide for every possible detail of health—of exercise for body, brain, and will for everyone, from the babe in arms to the oldest citizen. We must not leave the width or direction of the streets, nor the provision of open spaces, the parks, nor the dwellings of the people unplanned for a single day.

We must plan for the education of every person in the State in body, mind, and character.

We must plan that those of the people who have the ability shall devote themselves to testing the best that can be done with Australia; with its tropical north or its dry centre; how to combat its diseases; how to use its grasses and its timbers.

We must plan that those who have the talents, in whatever place or position they are born, shall give us Australian pictures, Australian sculptures, Australian music, or poetry, or literature. That those who have the best inventive brains shall have every incentive to lead the world in invention; or those who are adventurous or painstaking, in discovery.

We must plan that everyone is trained to his work—not in one set, hard school, but in every variety of school from which we can draw benefit.

We must plan that every Australian does his work beyond all other reasons for the sake of working for Australia and for his nation.

But in the first place we must realise that the making of the future Australian and the Australian nation, which has in the past been left to chance, can be planned; and that each one of us can make some part of it better, by setting his brains to work on doing, if only he has the courage and energy to do it himself.

VII.

FOREIGN POLICY.

It is an easy and a lazy thing for any author to suggest vaguely in the abstract that certain big things could be done or discussed, and to leave everyone who listens to him to worry out what he means. The remaining chapters of this book are to show how it is possible for any Australian to help to thresh out Australia's problems in ever so many different ways; and so settle for himself the manner in which he personally can fight for her.

Take the biggest question of all—the position of Australia in the world; her standing amongst the other nations of the world.

The whole internal policy of Australia will always be: "How can I make myself the most brilliant, beautiful, and happiest Australia? How can I make the very best of my country; and raise up the happiest and most intelligent people here; not any of them immensely rich nor any at all poor, if I can avoid it; but all keen, intelligent, strong, happy, helping each other to live as Australians like best?" That is what Australia plans to do inside her own borders; in other words, her internal policy.

But she is not the only nation in the world. She may decide that Australians want to make this country a most beautiful, happy place for Australians to live in,

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with *our* sort of homes, and *our* sort of towns and cities, and *our* sort of games and occupations, and *our* sort of families, and *our* sort of marriages and laws, and *our* idea of fair trials—but how about other nations? How if they were to say: “No; you have got to make homes to suit us there, too. We are going to come in and set up our own sort of ideas about work and play; and our sort of schools to make all the population into our sort of people.”

We Australians are firmly and definitely determined that that shall not happen—that it is we who are going to make Australia; that it is we who are going to compose and build up the Australian nation. It will live in the world peaceably with the other nations, but it will be our people shaping itself according to our ideas. That is our foreign policy. It is natural, and it is easy to see why we approve of it; on what reason we base it ourselves. But what reason can we give to the other nations of the world why they should approve of it also?

Our foreign policy (that we will hold and develop our country ourselves, come what may, by our own people and people with our own ideas) is based before the world on the same reason on which, if we analyse our feelings, we base it in our own minds: that the race has its own genius, its own capacity for doing or making something of especial value in the world; and that our Australian nation has brilliant and precious things for the world so that the world would be infinitely poorer if it missed them and will be infinitely richer if it gains them: things in the way of new social relations without any trace or vestige of old-world snobbishness; of straight, bold thought; free institutions; brilliant invention—cut clear away from the old-world idea that progress is impossible. It is worth the while of the

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world to let us develop our particular talents and ideas right out to their logical consequences. The world will gain, we say, by our experiments, by our free thought, by our invention. It will be a better world because it has this enthusiastic young nation in it.

And we have reason to believe it. We have a right to be confident. This little nation of 5,000,000 people, making its own way for itself and thinking out its own problems in its big, lonely Continent at the far corner of the world—when the world came to a crisis, it produced a thing that has won the respect of the whole world, of the old nations with their piled-up histories; of the big, greedy German; of brilliant France; of the great, steadfast, old-fashioned, slow-going England. There was something in the Australian character which the great, humble, steadfast, warm-hearted mass of the British nation came to love and admire. Even the huge English-speaking democracy of America learnt something from the Australian soldier.

There is some reason for our country's confidence in the genius of her people—and she should know it. The history of what the Australian soldiers did will be told in full and plain some day. They seemed to have two great qualities—the first, freshness of outlook. Whenever a new situation faced them they did not sit down and wonder what someone else would do—what was the rule or what was the fashion: they did not wonder whether they had read about this somewhere, or whether it was the sort of thing that the newspapers or the text books had spoken of. They simply turned round, full square, to face the problem; and went straight to it—overland, oversea, by the shortest possible route. They never denied facts, or evaded them, or looked for authority—they went straight at them, frankly. It was no good saying “impossible” or “it is not done.” Even

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if all the old grey heads in the world had been solemnly shaking and saying "Impossible!" ever since they could remember, they didn't believe it. One generation says "impossible" of things that are old-fashioned in the next. The motor-car, the flying machine, the Australian army and navy, even the Great War, had all of them been "impossible." People at first told the Australian military authorities that it was impossible to have no class distinctions, to have civilian staff officers, or to choose all your officers from those who enlisted as privates. And they found it was the best system of all—the only system.

Secondly, they had, perhaps above all other soldiers, the habit of making decisions. It is a habit that is becoming rare in the world—that of making up your mind for yourself, without asking any friend, without waiting to see what others think, without asking advice. . . . Shall we go for that machine-gun straight? Shall we bring up the rations now? Is it worth while deepening this shell-hole? Had I better go and pick up some German bombs—just in case of necessity? The Australian was in the habit of making decisions all day long in his life at home for himself without leaning on advice. He lives in places where you have to decide—or go under. A drought is very much like the hardships of a campaign; and a bush fire is not so different from a barrage. Mustering cattle is often a more exciting business than taking prisoners. The hardships of Australia, and not its softnesses, have made the Australian strong and swift in decision.

The result of these qualities was not seen in the fighting only. It was not an accident that the thousands of Australians sent to schools of the British Army in France nearly always came back with the best possible record. It was not an accident that in those schools, where people

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from all over the world attended, Australians were constantly at the top. If there were ten Australians in a school of a hundred, nine of them would always be in the first thirty; sometimes in the first twenty. It was quite well known to the British instructors.

It was not an accident, again, that the Australians were responsible for so many of the most wonderful inventions of the war. The wonderful wireless telephone for use between aeroplanes was the invention of an Australian who was a stationmaster before the war and who dabbled in wireless. The great aeroplane sight was the invention of an Australian youngster from Duntroon Military College. The marvellous machine for sound-ranging which told you instantly, to within a few yards, the range of any German gun whose single sound it could hear, was an Australian invention. That invention was so good that the Germans noticed that, a few minutes after they opened with a new big gun miles behind their lines, British shells began to rush down from the sky and fall near it. They published an order that in future no big gun was to fire singly—two guns were always to fire together, so as to make one sound and puzzle that machine.

All these were contributions of great value to the world in the war. Will not the same nation far surpass them in peace? What had called all this genius out of Australia? Not the wish for gain—because there is precious little money to be made in inventing a thing for your own arm of the service in war-time—in most cases there is none. It was not money which called young Australian brains to work feverishly and brilliantly with electro-magnets and sound waves and rays of light. It was the passion for helping their country and a certain pride in the distinction and the renown with which their country rewarded them. As much as

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anything it was the pride that an Australian should do these things for the world.

Cannot we ensure that the brilliant young brains of Australia will do the same for their country in peacetime—not for the profit that they can squeeze out of a manufacturer, but for the sake of putting and keeping Australia first by the brilliance of their work.

Of course we can—if we plan our universities and laboratories, or public experimental undertakings and the scientific branches of our Commonwealth services so that every chance is offered to these youngsters. Of course we can ensure it—it is in our hands if we will only make the plan.

It was not a chance that the British flying service contained such a very large proportion of Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and South Africans. It was because of these very same qualities.

Therefore we say to the world honestly, exactly what we say to ourselves: "The Australian nation is worth preserving—some of the qualities which it possesses are great and brilliant qualities; and the nation which it will develop, if left in its own country, will be a very great and valuable addition to your Old World." We could go further and say: "There are certain battlefields in Europe and Gallipoli on which lies a whole full harvest of the finest men Australia ever produced. They bought the future of our country. We have to take up that task and finish it for them. And you—the old civilisations who accepted the help of the Australian nation in your dark days on the other side of the world—you owe it to that nation to let it develop itself in its own country now."

That is our case—that is what Australia, as a member of the family of the world, which came into being with the Great War which first involved all the world—that

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is what Australia says in the meeting-hall of the nations. That is our foreign policy. We call it the White Australia policy.

But we have learned in a bitter school that you cannot accept the promises of nations without guarantees; and to ensure that our foreign policy shall be carried out, and that our Australian nation should not be lost for want of taking every precaution, we have to rely on two guarantees. The first guarantee is help from outside. The second is help from inside.

VIII.

NEW ZEALAND, BRITAIN, AMERICA AND CANADA.

We have to rely for our first guarantee upon our friends amongst the nations. And we have three sets of friends there. Our great and closest friend, which has identically our problems and practically the same people, our twin brother amongst the nations, is New Zealand—whose men were practically our men and our men hers throughout this Great War. So necessarily are we related that in all foreign problems we can be treated as one. Whether that will happen or not I do not know—only small jealousies, too mean to notice on both sides, would prevent it. But that is the first friendship in our external policy—in a class apart from all others.

Secondly, there is the friendship of the people of Great Britain, the people from which we are directly sprung. Although we differ from some British institutions, we Australians come very close in heart and sympathy to the big, inarticulate, humble-minded, warm-hearted masses of the British people—we would stand for the same things as they in peace and war. They have stood by us since our nation was born, and we by them. Neither we nor they easily forget our friends. And as we both are nations of the sea—we and New Zealand even more than they, and therefore both have the same problems of defence, it is not only our natural wish, but our very pointed interest to stand together. We have a sort of loose, changeable machinery for the standing together of English-speaking sea States which we call the British Empire. We do not want them to have control of our internal affairs, and we do not want

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any machinery which allows this, though we can help each other infinitely by our literature, our experiments, and our example. The Canadians—liker to us in some ways than the English—and the South Africans and Newfoundlanders come within that friendship too.

And there is a third big friendship. In the last ten centuries the big nations of the world have all fronted on the Atlantic, just as before they fronted on the Mediterranean. There has been a backyard in the Pacific, but the big fronts were all the other way.

But some time in the course of the next generation there will come a moment when they realise that the world is fronting on the Pacific also. The world will probably still be gazing on it as it might be on a picture of a backyard. And suddenly, as if the picture were a lantern slide, the audience will realise that the backyard has dissolved and that it is staring at a picture of a splendid set of new and solid fronts facing on to the Pacific from every side. There are great cities opening on to it at this moment from every quarter—Sydney with its 800,000 people, Melbourne with its 700,000, San Francisco and Los Angeles with 500,000, Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, Brisbane, Adelaide, Auckland, San Diego and a dozen other great towns of from 100,000 to 400,000 people—with great, growing, powerful young peoples behind them; and the majority of these are Anglo-Saxon, living an Anglo-Saxon life in Anglo-Saxon ways; all trying to do identically the same as we—to raise up each its own Anglo-Saxon nation into a free, happy, brilliant people. Inside our boundaries we choose utterly different methods from those of Canada or Western America; they seek progress by giving huge prizes to any private person who will sharpen his brains to run railways or cut forests—we have sought it, generally speaking, by keeping the profit, as far as possible, for the nation as a whole. It is a good job we do not

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all try the same methods—that is how the world learns and gains. But we have identically the same problem and interest with regard to all outsiders—we want to be free to mould our nation ourselves and make it grow and develop as an Anglo-Saxon nation by any method which seems to us the best.

Therefore the Western States and Canada and New Zealand and Australia, and perhaps South Africa, have the closest possible interest in common—the interest of the Anglo-Saxon nations around the Pacific. And that is our third great friendship. Whatever comes, our path is quite clear: we need to do all that we can to bring those nations together. The existence of the great Anglo-Saxon Republic on the other side of our ocean is an all-important fact for us; just as the existence of the great Australian State just overseas will be about the biggest fact in the world for America when we are an Anglo-Saxon State of sixty or seventy million inhabitants.

For these friendships we need that these great Anglo-Saxon countries—England, America, Canada—should know us, by setting up an intelligent information office there; not a raucous, boastful system of shouting down everybody else as though we were a side-show with a “spruiker” outside the door trying to make more noise than the rest, and putting up the back of everyone who counts or who knows; but by an intelligent, tactful system of letting them know the simple truth about our country—whatever is interesting in it, its ups and downs, its roses and thorns, its difficulties as well as its great chances. After all it is the man who really believes in his country who can afford to tell the truth about it.

We need those three friendships—and others if we can get them; we have already the firm friendship of the great people of France. We can hold on to those friendships and improve them—if we plan to do so.

IX.

DEFENCE.

But our second guarantee—and our last and firmest one, on to which we must hold for dear life until we are sure beyond the last fraction of doubt (and a little longer)—is ourselves. Until we know by unalterable guarantees that the world will let us make our nation and country for ourselves, we must be prepared in the last resort to enforce it by our own courage and sacrifice.

That is the question of Australian defence; of the Australian navy, the Australian army, and the Australian population.

The lesson of the war is too recent to need retelling here; it can be summed up in a few lines. As to the navy—in spite of all that Admiralties and first lords told us, we found out that if the Australian Navy had not existed and had not been in our own ocean at the beginning of the war there would have been disaster to Australia and to the Empire. We learnt that bright Australian boys, taken from any part of the whole people and properly trained, can make the finest officers that any army or navy could wish for; that Australian men are best handled by Australian officers, and that you can enliven and improve your whole service by wisely choosing from among the men youngsters of the right brains and character and giving them their chance as officers. We learnt in the A.I.F. that with Australian troops the whole problem is to choose the right officer and train him; that the right brigadier will choose the right battalion commander; and, most important of all, the

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right battalion commander will pick the right officers and set the right spirit for them.

We learnt that a high-minded, straight and capable leader can do anything with Australians; that the highest appeal always goes best with them, and the low, selfish appeal almost always fails. If you have a difficult job, tell them, and tell them why. If you want them to face danger for a high cause, tell them the truth; they will follow. Never think you can manage Australian troops by talking down to them.

That is probably true of Australian schoolboys and girls, Australian workers, Australian students. It means that high-minded, unselfish leaders can do anything with them—in any department of life. It is a thing to remember in our plans.

But there is another story. It is defence that is the subject here, and in defence the war has one lesson: the right officer is everything. The right staff officer can keep your administration efficient; he will choose the right area officer—and the right area officer is probably the keystone of Australia's defence. Choose the right officers and train them. As for the youngsters—the cadets and trainees—if you can select the right officers from them and train them well, and if you can graft your system of sports and competitions throughout Australia on to your system of battalions and companies, divisions and brigades—and so encourage the *esprit de corps* in peace exactly as we did in war—the citizen army will meet Australia's needs. The operations will have to be planned by highly trained soldiers; but the best staff officer for the quartermaster's side—for dealing with supplies and transport—is the manager of the great shipping office or department store of peace time or a traffic superintendent on the railway; and the best staff officer for dealing with men on the adjutant-general's side is a lawyer.

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The way to obtain these things is the way which has obtained it in this war—that each should do his part with one object only, the good of Australia. The statesman has to choose the best and straightest organisers from amongst his officers and make of them the army or navy staff, and lay down for them the principles on which the Australian Government wishes them to work. And then these administrators must be able to work cleanly, with that same object only, apart from all politics—simply to produce and administer the best possible defence scheme. We can have a perfect Australian citizen army provided we have a consistently and cleanly carried out plan.

X.

POPULATION.

We need other things for defence—certain industries; but above all, people. If we are to keep our Australia free, which is the thing that men fought and died for at Anzac and Pozières and over half the western front—we must have people. Our country has five millions now; it will need thirty millions before it is safe—and a proportion of them must live in the tropical north if we are to keep other nations out of it.

For a young people, with a vast task before it, we are also hampered by a mighty debt. Every great and attractive project that our nation proposes to itself is at present almost barred off from it by the question: "How, in our present condition of debt, can we afford to spend any more money on projects however necessary?"

There are several obvious ways of decreasing that debt, and we ought probably to adopt them all. But the easiest is to increase the population which bears it.

Therefore we must get people; and we must solve the problem of how our race, and no other, can live in the north of Australia.

No doubt both can be done if we take the trouble to plan them and provide for every little thing with half the care and skill with which the evacuation of Anzac was planned or the great offensive from Villers Bretonneux. There are two ways of getting population—from within and from without, and while the Australian born is probably the more valuable, the immigrant is needed. He

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may be awkward or inexperienced; he will often be irritating and dogmatic, and he will sometimes go wrong. But it is a patriotic thing to help him in difficulties, and it is doing an act that directly damages our country if we simply laugh at him.

In immigration two things can always be remembered. Firstly, if we wish, we can help the common people of England—those who are our friends and whose lot in life is none too easy—by taking English children from the towns; the kiddies with whom our men used to play; to whom a big Australian was like a giant—a great, genial, generous demi-god come into their narrow alley; the kiddies who have no ghost of chance in this world in London; we can give them a chance here. The child is easier for the State to organise, train, and adapt, and if they are young they are still unspoiled in mind, body, and character. As a suggestion—might we not make a fine population of these children, and do a great benefit for the Anglo-Saxon by doing so, if we plan it?

And secondly, whilst Britain has too many women, we have not enough to make wives for all our men. That is another thing to remember. In spite of the war there are still far more men than women in Australia, and until that balance is made up by importing more women or girl children, who will some day be wives to our boys, not a single man or boy immigrant is of any use so far as the permanent increase of our population is aimed at. Therefore any scheme of immigration, one would think, should provide for more women or girls than for men or boys.

XI.

THE COUNTRY DISTRICT.

In order to have a strong and happy population there must be the right sort of homes for them and the right surroundings. And as the healthiest and strongest people are country people, we need to plan all we can in order that the Australian countryside shall give them a happier and, if possible, more intelligent life than any other countryside in the world, and the more of them who live out there in the country the better for Australia.

It is not necessary to suggest all the ideas about country settlement to Australians, even the youngest Australian, because they argue them every day. Every schoolboy in Australia knows that, where the back country is good enough for farms and agriculture, it is better for Australia to have it covered with farms than held in huge sheep—or cattle—stations, because, where one big sheep station will only support in its huge boundaries fifty persons, mostly bachelor young men (which is of little use from the population point of view), that same station cut up into fifty farms will support more than fifty families, perhaps five hundred persons. To put it simply, in an extreme case, Australia, which would only hold five million people if it were all sheep runs, would hold fifty million if it were all farms. And we want that fifty million for safety's sake.

The sole reason for setting out with all the enthusiasm we have in us to plan the improvement of our back country is because, by doing so, we are planning the

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happiness of our nation. It is the nation itself—the men and women—that are the object all the time. We fling ourselves into the making of town and country for one reason only—because these make our nation.

There is no need to suggest the methods for our farms. Science governs these as it governs everything else, and in spite of what old-fashioned people may say, we know that scientific working is not merely one method, but the only method men can have of controlling nature. If a method is wrong it is not because science is wrong, but because that method is not science. Science is a system of right knowledge, and come what may, that is the only possible good system upon earth.

Therefore we can help our country districts by seeing that there is some system of scientific help available to every district, and that every young Australian who has to make a living out of the earth can go to some sort of school and learn what science can teach him about it. We can provide a system of farms and provide every possible help towards running them right. We can open up the nearest ports to them and build railways to take their produce there. Those who know can argue this subject out in all its deviations until they have a plan which will cover Australia with prosperous farms. The writer does not possess any capacity to suggest that to them.

But the greatest difficulty for all country districts in all countries is the dullness of country life which is driving the country folk into town. It does not need a farmer to understand that subject. Every civilised nation is spending a good part of the time of its Parliament in trying to make laws to turn the stream of its people from the cities to the country. And always this dullness of the country causes the stream to flow back again to town faster than it flows out. This is a tragedy

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for the nation, because a city people becomes small, nervous and weak compared with what it would be if it lived in the country.

It is a life and death problem for nations, and yet not one of them that one knows of has ever tried to solve it by making the country life more interesting. It was not the sort of thing a government could publicly do. "It wasn't done," as they say.

Exactly the same difficulty arose in the winter time in the awful mud district behind the lines on the western front. The soldier, after his terrible tour of duty in the Somme mud, came out, and there was a danger of his *morale* going to pieces for boredom in the bleak, featureless desolation behind the front.

What did the State do? Did it leave that dullness to cure itself?

It made cinema shows a regular department of its army; it made pierrot troupes almost as recognised a corps as the military police. It didn't leave dullness or the absence of dullness to chance. It established cinema shows and pierrot troupes throughout the district behind the line—the authorities of the corps or division or brigade organised them; they organised football competitions; they supplied reading- and writing-rooms, and gramophones and pianos; farther back they built and furnished clubs with tea-rooms and waitresses and picture papers for them, and even produced for them souvenir books to send to their friends far away.

Dullness was a danger there; an enemy almost as terrible as he is in the back country. Did they leave him? Not for a moment. They went for him and tackled and downed him straight by using the brains which we are given to use for such purposes.

Why should the State sit back and quietly watch our back country being impeded and its grand country

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population destroyed daily by that same demon of dullness? The State has a brain. Why should not our country districts have their travelling entertainers from the State just as the districts behind the lines in France had? Why should not they have their picture-shows, and their organised games and competitions? Even in country townships one often hears that it is not possible to organise the tennis or cricket club. No one has the time or the chance. Is our great people to sit back under that sort of objection? and say: "There, you see, it's impossible."

It may be impossible to get a football club or a pierrot troupe within reach of everyone—say—west of the River Darling; though with brains you could organise something even for them—such schemes as lending libraries, if nothing else. But in the farming districts, and in every country town from smallest to largest, there could be regular centres—clubs with secretaries whose duty to the State or to the districts was to organise the games and competitions of the district; to make arrangements for State theatrical companies and pierrot troupes; for singers and cinemas and travelling lecturers. You could have your club which would be the centre of intelligent amusement; where the farmers could get the newest journals and latest catalogues; where the musical could form their glee clubs and the artistic their local art clubs and the political their debating clubs; where the band of the local battalion—grand bands, too, some of them, like something we never knew before, or the orchestra of the town could play often of an evening while the inhabitants sat and drank coffee or chocolate at their tables under the trees as they do in France.

Why should the only relief to boredom in many of our country districts, where we implore men to go out

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and live, be a desolate country pub? We have brains. Why do we leave it so?

A second benefit that we could give to our country would be the travelling specialist—especially the oculist—the best of help provided by the State to assist those in the back country to fight against the darkness that far too often settles on the long evening of their lives; and not only the oculist, but the specialist in sanitation, who can look into their homesteads and advise them of those clean methods which were the reason for the marvellous health of the British and Australian troops in France. The common knowledge of camp sanitation ought not to be allowed to pass from us.

A third suggestion for dealing with the dullness of the country is one that was made by those long-headed people who visited Australia in the early years of this century—the Scottish Commissions on Agriculture. They advised that where possible every effort should be made to improve the beauty of our country homes—by the planting of trees; the making of sweet flower gardens; the lavishing of some care and pride on them. Many homes they noticed where not a hand had been turned to beautify the place. “Some farmers complain that their families will not stay in the country,” said the Commission; “but how can they expect them to if their homes are desolate and dreary places?”

This organised life of the A.I.F. in France impresses you with a hundred things that might be done for the country when once we get the idea of turning our brains to help our land, and not leaving it to muddle unhelped. One thinks of a day when there will be schools for cooks in peace as well as in war; and the shearers' cook will have to show that he has passed through one before he is allowed to try his hand on the shed. One thinks of the day when there will be a Faculty of local government

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in every Australian university, to teach the advanced science of handling a town or district properly, so that we may begin our knowledge where other nations left off, and where no man will be allowed to be a shire clerk, or a roads or district engineer, until he has graduated in that school, and can produce the parchment which certifies that he has really studied in the school which lays before him the experience and the invention of all the cities and districts of the world.

XII.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

The country town has the same problem as the country district—the problem of dullness—of being left by the main streams of thought and progress which swirl around the great cities, and dreaming out its long dull days in an idle backwater.

It only needs thought—brains flung into the fight and concentrated on a plan—for that difficulty to be passed and left behind. The sort of method which those brains might adopt is the same that they might adopt in the country districts, and it has been suggested in the previous chapter.

It will not be a bad thing when we have a model city in Australia—a city which will suggest to our cities and towns what they might be. That is one reason why the making of a perfectly planned federal capital will be an instant advantage to our whole continent. The federal capital should be more than a beautiful, dignified seat of our nation's government; it ought to be an object lesson in city making—a sort of picture drawn upon the blackboard by the leading architects and engineers of Australia to show all the other cities what a perfect Australian city should be.

The federal capital will, of course, hold some buildings of which Australia will not need any counterpart, such as the Australian House of Parliament; and amongst others that perfect, simple, solemn exquisite building which for all time will, it is hoped, hold the sacred memories of the A.I.F. There will be museums

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in each State besides, holding the relics most sacred to each State. But in the federal capital will be a building, so far as the writer knows, of three parts, a centre and two wings. The centre will hold the great national relics of the A.I.F. One wing will be a gallery—holding the pictures that our artists painted and drew actually on the scene and amongst the events themselves. The other wing will be a library to contain the written official records of every unit; and on its walls will be shown some of the documents and maps, German, Australian and British, that had their part in making history. That memorial will stand, if all goes right, on some hill-top—still, beautiful, gleaming white and silent, a sacred reminder throughout all ages of the men who really created the Australian nation. It will be a pilgrimage for Australians. And people will come to it from the ends of the world.

There will be a national museum also—a museum which will trace the history of our race from the dim ages when it began to loom up in history somewhere in the Danish flats and around the lakes of Ireland—then through the Roman period and the Middle Ages of England—and so on to our time. This and other buildings will be in the federal capital; certainly a University of Australia. The most urgent reason, perhaps, for a definite, settled, separate capital for Australia is that, until we have it, we stand no chance of getting those great national Australian institutions which our country needs—our Australian schools of industry, of art and music, of agriculture—our national laboratories and departments of research, our national galleries and museums. These are some of the weapons with which Australia has to tackle her problems, and we shall not get them if the capital is in Sydney or Melbourne. They, of course, will be peculiar to the capital.

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But in the second place, its streets, its avenues, its parks, its villas and hotels, its school of arts, its playing fields, will be a model of the ideal villa or the ideal street for an Australian town.

For, as well as all other sciences, that science needs to be intricately studied and carefully taught—the science of Australian town-, villa-, garden-, street-making. There is a chance for some brilliant one of our younger generation anxious to help Australia! It is a science which ought to be studied intimately at every university in Australia; that is, if our universities are there to teach us how to live. There is needed a branch of town-planning, a branch of architecture, a branch of civic engineering, and sanitation, and a branch of local government, in every university in Australia; and every town clerk, town engineer, or town surveyor, should some day have to graduate in it.

For these things are as much a science as biology or anatomy; and it is every bit as important to the daily health of each of us that our officials should study them as it is that our doctors should study those other sciences.

It was the town that we gave as a suggestion of a typical field in which Australians could help their country. How important the towns are to our nation need not be repeated. In general it may be said that the more the life in the cities can be made to resemble a country life the healthier it will be, and the more we shall avoid the dangers which are rushing the physique of most city-bred nations down a straight road to ruin.

But there are a few further suggestions, relating to our very big towns, which it might be worth while for our debating societies to discuss.

XIII.

THE GREAT CITIES.

Australia is a country of a few very great cities, where a majority of the people is born and brought up and lives and works. The cities are there now—they are done and cannot be undone. Surroundings make the man, and these cities are making a great part of the Australian nation to-day, and will continue, perhaps, always to do so. All past city-nations have decayed; and it looks to the observer as if most of the present city-nations are being rapidly dwarfed and weakened by city life.

So Australia has a big problem from the outset.

But we have also advantages. Conditions in our cities more nearly resemble country conditions than those of cities anywhere. Sydney and Melbourne each sprawl over an area as large as London, though London has 8,000,000 people and they have each under a million. That is a tremendous advantage. Their dwelling-houses are low, the gardens on the whole numerous and fairly large; there is plenty of open air; and, in the case of Sydney especially, the native virgin bush comes right into the city and spreads around it for miles exactly as it was before the first white man landed there.

We cannot take credit for this. The reason why Sydney, for example, is open and large is not that any Australian with brains made a plan of it that way, and laid down wise and foreseeing rules—but pure accident. Sandstone soil happens to be readily friable, and there-

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fore a deep harbour was dug in it ages ago—by the action of a river, not by us; sandstone soil also happens to be particularly worthless for growing crops upon—and so was left as native bush. The land around Sydney is comparatively plentiful, and until lately it was cheap. That was *against* the will of its possessors rather than because of them.

Therefore it is by the purest, simplest luck that Sydney is still on the whole so wide and uncramped as it is to-day. There is not the slightest provision for keeping it so.

Adelaide and Melbourne were better planned than Sydney to start with, though they run the same dangers now—especially Melbourne. Brisbane and Perth and Hobart are in the same case, though less acutely so for the present. But as Sydney is usually taken by Australians as the great example of a city which has grown without a plan, it will be taken in this chapter as the strongest illustration of the way in which the Australian elector has, up to the present, allowed his cities to grow. It is chosen for the moment as an example. But in a more or less degree almost every single thing that is said of it here applies to Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Hobart and Perth as well.

Sydney is the biggest city in Australia. It contains nearly one-sixth of our whole nation. Therefore its conditions—its size, its air spaces, streets, transport facilities, playgrounds, gardens, and the rules as to its houses and cottages, are the biggest influence in all Australia upon the way in which Australian boys and girls (and so the Australian nation) will grow up.

Has any authority ever made a plan of how Sydney is to be built? Has any human brain ever been applied to thinking of the best arrangement or any arrangement for the Sydney streets or gardens or houses? Has any

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attempt ever been made to employ the human intelligence in relation to the huge future growth of Sydney at all? Never. Not once.

As far as Sydney is concerned, the Australian brain might not exist at all; as far as Sydney is concerned, it does not exist. There is not even an authority in Sydney that has the legal power to apply that brain if it wanted to. Sydney has grown up out of about 35 haphazard villages; each village has a local council, and there are somewhere about 35 local councils in Sydney to-day, each authorised to deal with its own bit. They had to invent one board to deal with its water supply and sewerage—simply because it would have perished of thirst or died of typhoid if they had left it to the 35 different councils to manage independently their water supply and their drains. Also they could not have 35 independent tram services; so these are managed for it under Parliament, some of whose members come from Ivanhoe and Wilcannia and Lord Howe Island and Broken Hill in the desert—500 miles away. They decide whether the suburbs can have the tram extended 200 yards to the next street corner or not.

But as for the streets—how they shall go; the width of them; where they will be needed to-morrow; where the future suburban railways will have to run; where the future playgrounds will have to be—no one thinks of that at all; there is nobody charged with thinking of it; none of the Sydney authorities *may* think of it—they *must* not; by law, it is outside their functions.

Now it is quite true that in one part of Sydney the damage is done and cannot be altered. We laid it down (in the chapter in which it was shown how the town was the first and most obvious field in which Australians could help Australia) that in every town the problem consisted of two parts: first, how to correct

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any damage that might have already happened through our not having used our brains in connection with our towns; and secondly—in connection with those towns or parts of towns which are still to be built—to use our brains from preventing the old mistakes from recurring, and, more than that, to use them in planning advantages and improvements such as perhaps we do not dream of even now, by which, by calling the youth of our country to use their brains for us, we shall still discover and invent.

There are those two problems in every big Australian town, even in Melbourne and Adelaide; certainly in Brisbane and Hobart. In Sydney, 100 years ago, without the cost of a halfpenny, one single governor with one single stroke of a pen could have saved us all the money which has had to be spent and which will have to be spent—many millions—in widening the streets which are the main arteries of traffic to the suburbs. One stroke of the pen—that is what the widening of Oxford Street should have cost; three and a half seconds' partial exercise of a governor's brain. But these improvements have already cost millions. What is infinitely worse, the lack of a plan has cost us districts like the slums of the Rocks area, of Woolloomooloo, in which generations of Australians have been partially brought up.

We blame those old governors for causing us all this senseless, useless waste. But what are *we* doing? All the time there is growing up around Sydney a much bigger city than the Sydney of to-day—and are we using our brains upon it? Those old governors did plan at least the centre of Melbourne and Adelaide, which was all the city that existed in their days. There was even a plan of Sydney once. But how about the city that has grown up since? There are gradually crystallising into

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streets certain long, straggling, ill-made country tracks—taking Sydney again as the example, there is Bay Street, Botany, or the Mosman or Old South Head Roads—five or ten times as long or important as any of the older city streets. Are we making any plans to widen them now, before it is too late? Bay Street, which wanders out amongst the sand stretches to-day, will be a vital artery in the centre of the big city to-morrow—as important as the St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, or the London Strand, or the Rue Lafayette in Paris. There are parts of it so miserable that two trams can scarcely pass abreast. It is still partly open, though the houses and factories are broadening it fast, and closing it in for ever. What are we doing for it? Nothing. We have not even the imagination to realise what it is going to be.

Our ancestors never had a street like that to play with. They had their little Pitt Streets and Collins Streets, Queen's Streets and King's Streets in a little city of 20,000 people, which they certainly ought to have used their brains to make in accordance with the definite science of city making. They did not do their duty. But they did preserve to us, fair in the centre of both Sydney and Melbourne, two amongst the most beautiful gardens that exist in any cities in the world—the most precious possessions of Sydney and Melbourne to-day—and the Brisbane Gardens and the parks of Adelaide and Perth and the Hobart Domain; and in doing so they showed more foresight than we.

For we have—each generation of us—a city of anything up to 400,000 or 600,000 to plan for—and we do not realise it. Take either Sydney or Melbourne. In 1904 Sydney was a city of 490,000 inhabitants. In 1918 it has 800,000. That is to say, in 14 years there has grown up a city of 310,000 people of which not a stick

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was planted nor a stone laid 14 years ago. Our ancestors never had anything like such a chance. In the next 15 years there will probably grow up a city of 400,000 of which not a stick nor a stone stands to-day. It will be, for all time, the training ground and living area of a great part of our race. Are we going to leave it to chance to train and bring up that race as they did in the East End of London, in Manchester and Birmingham and the Potteries? Or are we going to use the brains which Providence has given us, and build it according to the science of city making, which exists in the books of other nations and in their universities, though some even of our city authorities may not know of its existence?

Bright young brains amongst us ought to be probing and planning and improving that science and many others in our universities. But we have not even made it a rule that our city and country authorities responsible for town-building shall have studied it or qualified in it.

In Australia the problem of repairing the damage done in the past to our cities for want of a plan is tiny and insignificant in comparison with the problem of providing a plan for those huge areas of city, and those innumerable country townships, which have still to be built. The big urgent problem for us is to take a huge belt around each city and plan it for years and years ahead—25 or 50 years; with a provision for making further plans beyond that. That is the really important part of our task which costs nothing and saves hundreds of millions, and which—far most important of all—saves our race. The other problem, of the damage which is done already, costs millions and effects little. In its case the damage is done and it can wait; but if you wait in dealing with the future, then damage will be done which would not have been done; and we shall have to

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pay in weakened Australians and tens of millions of pounds, fifty years hence, what would cost us one half-hour of brain work to-day.

What would the plan of your city include? Take Sydney, Melbourne, or any of our capitals as an example: It would include the big roads and suburban railways of the future; the stations and their approaches; the factory areas and the residential areas; the size of houses and gardens in which our nation will be brought up; the parks and playgrounds; the viewpoint from which the harbour or the city can still be seen; the water services and drainage; perhaps even the schools and some of the public amusements and pleasure gardens.

There are a hundred points to which thought can be given in connection with all these. Here are a few examples:

The present beauty of Sydney and Hobart, of which all Australians are proud, was not given to them by man but by nature. In Sydney, it is true, thanks to a flash of foresight—an ounce of brain—in one of the early governors, there was given to us for all time to enjoy the exquisite circle of Farm Cove and the Botanic Gardens and the Domain behind it—one of the most wonderful gems of park and harbour scenery in any of the world's cities. But those beauties are natural. Official architects have up to the present made all their big State buildings turn their backs on to this wonderful circle; so that the semicircular upper edge of the Domain, which might contain the most wonderful semicircle of stately fronts in Australia, ends, as a matter of fact, in a series of official backyards. Some genius had only to make all these great buildings face round and front the other way, and we should have one of the finest State fronts in existence, circling the crest of the stately gardens that rise from that turquoise gem—Farm Cove.

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Secondly, Providence gave these cities, Hobart and Sydney, each to start with one of the most beautiful situations on earth, around its harbour. You cannot shut out Mount Wellington, though no doubt it will some day be attempted. But in Sydney, man, and the speculative builder in particular, has ever since been steadily shutting out all the high points from which you could formerly see the Sydney Harbour; Gore Hill, Bellevue Hill, wonderful outlooks and viewpoints along the Old South Head Road and on every hilltop in the city—they are being shut out gradually, one after another. There was a wonderful view that faced you from any part of Oxford Street once—one of those vistas that took your breath away when you came suddenly around the corner on it. It is all shut in to-day—not a square-yard preserved from which you could see it. In such cases the Germans would build a tower. An up-to-date Anglo-Saxon people would keep a park—however small—a place for tired women and their babies, for shop-girls to eat their luncheon, and lovers to watch the sunset.

For those things intimately concern our people's lives as much as the drains and the tramways. And that raises a third point. A people, a modern people anyway, has just as much right to its beautiful scenery as to its pure water and fresh air. Why should some enterprising advertiser be allowed to plaster "WOLFF'S SCHNAPPS" in ghastly blue and silver straight across the face of one of the most beautiful views in creation, or of any view, for that matter? Why should some city speculator, anxious for an extra half per cent. profit, be allowed to raise a skyscraper that blots out from all the rest of the nation some particular favourite landscape? If the nation does not possess an acknowledged right to such landscapes as it prizes, then it should create that right forthwith. For it is not only a pleasant thing

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for you to live amongst beautiful scenes, it not only gives the rest of the world a pleasure which they consider worth visiting your country to obtain, but beauty tends to make us think in ideals; that is the effect of the elation which it causes, whether it is the beauty of a nocturne by Chopin, or of an Australian sweetheart, or in the Melbourne Picture Gallery, or in Hobart Harbour, or the avenues of Adelaide, and it is worth the while of any nation to think in ideals.

Which again raises a fourth point—the skyscraper. There is a deal to debate in skyscrapers. London does not allow them, and New York does. They are built always in places where land is very valuable and the demand for it very great. The reason generally given for them is that they provide more office accommodation in congested parts of the city; the reason for which they are actually built is to squeeze more profits out of costly allotments of land.

There is, on the other hand, an argument against skyscrapers from the point of view of utility and another argument from the point of view of beauty. Their builders always camouflage the profits as an attempt to meet “congestion.” But how does a skyscraper improve congestion? You have a narrow street in the centre of a great city in which the frontages are immensely valuable because the place is so narrow and the street so congested. What do you do? You pull down a building of six stories which held 250 people and you put up a building of fifty stories which holds 5,000 people. On to that already congested street you pour at morning, midday and night, twenty times the people who congested it before. You force into that street all the delivery vans that take the goods they buy, the dust-carts that carry off the rubbish they make, the motor cars and taxis which carry them about, the people who

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visit them on business and pleasure, the wives and daughters who drop in during the day. Therefore, the skyscraper does not seem to be the way to meet congestion, but to make it.

From the point of view of art there is one main indictment against the skyscraper—that it puts out of joint the nose of anything that is small and beautiful in the same city. Big things can be beautiful, but it is not their bigness that makes them beautiful; a building can be exquisitely beautiful whatever its size. But once admit the skyscraper, and the smaller buildings of the city, no matter how exquisite—no matter if the architect has spent a lifetime on them and put his soul into each cusp and into each little window or each slender pillar—will look stupid and shamefaced beside the plainest or most vulgar flat of twenty storeys put up by a rich middleman in search of further profits, or by an insurance company on the lookout for novel advertisement. A single skyscraper would make St. Paul's Cathedral ridiculous.

And that raises a fifth question—congestion. The happy way to deal with congestion seems to be by providing proper transport, by enabling people to spread into widely scattered, healthy and beautiful homes, and not by helping them to squeeze further tens of thousands into already overcrowded streets. The problem of transport is one to be scientifically studied throughout all the other cities of the world. In Australia each city seems inclined to bank on its own method: in Melbourne on the suburban railways; in Sydney on the street tramways. In truth a great city seems to need a scientific system, using trams, trains, and buses. To depend, as Sydney does, for example, on street tramways for through traffic to distant suburbs, is a method fifty years out of date. Fast, long-distance traffic should run on a clear pair of rails, so that the power which can drive

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the car at forty miles an hour to the city centre should be able to do its full work. To give a car power for a forty-mile speed on a seven-mile run, and then let it be held up by every wool-waggon that crawls sideways over the road, or every butcher's and baker's boy who drives his cart along the tram lines, is not only a waste of power, money, temper, and vital energy, it puts out of range by tram country which would be within ten minutes of the city by train.

And that raises a sixth question—the homes around our Australian towns. It is immensely, overpoweringly important to the Australian nation that its city folk should live in their own houses around the towns, and that every house should have its garden (so much so that it would be worth while to make a law of it and remit the tax on gardens). It means everything in the world for the health and spirit of the children that they should have this home life. Their mothers and their families are the great educators. And up to the present most Australian children do have these homes and gardens, fresh air and playgrounds. It is a pure accident—no planning of ours—but still they have them, and that is one reason why Australian city men, alone amongst almost all city soldiers, made practically as good soldiers as Australian country men. There are healthier homes around our Australian cities, on the whole, than around any other cities except those of New Zealand. The death rate of Sydney has been ten per 1,000 per annum, which is lower than that of most country districts in other lands, and far lower than that of any other city.

But one hears people argue: "This villa life will be impossible because of the difficulty of getting servants. We shall have to live in big flats, like Germans." Do not believe it. If we have any brain at all we shall invent a way out of this difficulty without ruining our

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nation (which is what the crowded life of apartment houses would do). We want, for all we are worth, the individuality and the variety of our home and family life. If we cannot find servants and cooks under present conditions we shall find them when their profession is as reasonably attractive as other professions; at the very least we shall surely find companies in each district which will send our meals round in "Thermos" vans (just as we sent our hot meals to the trenches), and will lay our tables for us and call and take away the meals and wash up; and make the beds, if we need it; and even mow the lawns if we have not time and strength. That is not beyond the brains of Australia.

And that calls up a seventh question . . . and an eighth and ninth and tenth, if you like. You could argue out the failings and the perfections of our Australian cities for a month of days and have any amount of interesting questions left. For our cities—with our climates—should be our jewels; with glorious gardens—tea gardens, fruit gardens, public gardens, with tea and fruit and music all mixed, morning, afternoon and night; intelligent amusements; healthy surroundings; happy families: our cities could be a strength and not a weakness to our nation.

It is in your hands, Australians.

XIV.

WHO CAN BEST MAKE OUR CITY LAWS?

And one of the questions which our cities raise is: "Which is the best power to make the rules for our cities?"

It arises in this way.

As has been said in the previous chapter, in most matters about 35 different councils make the rules for Sydney (more than make rules for London), and make different rules for each part of it. In other matters, such as whether the tram shall be extended round the corner on to Brighton Beach, the State is responsible for the rules; that is to say, the man from Broken Hill and the Four Corners, 600 miles away, has a hand in Sydney questions; the man from the Wimmera in Melbourne problems; the man from Broome in discussions of Perth. If the question arises: Can the citizens of North Sydney have a bridge to join them to the citizens of Sydney, and vice versa? this has to be decided by the representatives of the station hands of the Wilcannia district and the member for the farthest townships in the Riverina. They not only have to decide it—they would have to help pay for it.

That is because, although the tram to take bathers to Brighton Beach, and the bridge to join north and south Sydney, ensample the huge number of questions which interest Melbourne and Sydney only, there is no government of the whole city which can deal with them. The inhabitants of a great city have an immense number

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of all-important interests in common affecting only them and no one else; but they have no constitution or form of government to deal with those interests. The only constitution that we have for dealing with that bundle of Sydney questions is the Constitution of New South Wales; or for Melbourne the Constitution of Victoria—and so on with the others. And so this huge city in the State has really to be ruled by the State government and parliament. And therefore when a proposal like the North Shore Bridge or the City and Suburban Railways comes up, the member for Four Corners, 600 miles away, says: "Not much! It has nothing to do with the Four Corners, this North Shore Bridge. Why should I vote for it and pay for it?" Whereas if the city had a government of its own, it would long ago have voted for it and paid for it itself without bothering the rest of the State at all.

Now that is because there is a defect in the constitution of our cities. The perfect system, of course, is that if there exists a part of the people with really separate and well defined interests, such as each of our capitals has, then that body of people ought to have a government of their own to manage those interests: not to manage any other interests which they share with all the rest of the people of the State or of Australia, but just those interests which are confined to themselves. Those interests are all-important to them, and are not in the least important to anyone else. Therefore the ideal system is for them to manage those interests, and make plans for them. That is the principle of "self-determination" which has been fought for by some in this war. If those cities want public works, gas works or bridges or tramways, let them decide on these for themselves; and pay for them themselves if they need them. Of course they cannot decide such interests as

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they have in common with all Australia—defence, who may and who may not come in as immigrants, what sort of commercial and criminal rules shall apply throughout the continent, how the transcontinental railways shall run, the army and navy which defend us all in common, the tariff—these things are for the Commonwealth Parliament. Nor yet can the cities decide the things which affect large tracts of our country, but not so large as the whole Commonwealth, which we call the States—education (which differs for the tropics and for the temperate zones), agriculture (which also differs), the question of a railway, say, from Adelaide to Glenelg, and of local harbours—these things are held to interest rather the States—that is to say, certain large divisions of town and country whether these always remain with the present State boundaries or not. But the private affairs of our great cities and our small cities and our country districts seem to afford compact bundles of smaller interests, and therefore belong to smaller governments still—which we call (from the Latin word “municipium,” meaning “town”) municipal governments. With such a logical system the great cities might have, for example, governments of their own covering themselves and the land 15 or 20 miles around them (which gains every halfpenny of its value from them and from their obvious future needs).

XV.

THE LABORATORIES THAT WE NEED.

We shall have a real hard task, at our end of the world, to keep abreast of the great nations in commerce; and in education—especially of Germany.

The Australian people can only be a great people if it is great enough to be humble; that is to say, if it uses as far as possible all the useful knowledge and experience that it can borrow from the rest of the world; so that everybody in the country, whatever his line of work may be, should make himself capable of beginning his work at the point where the people in the other countries have left off.

There used to be a stupid feeling amongst us in Australia, from which most Anglo-Saxon peoples also suffered, that they could learn nothing from the rest of the world. Sometimes it was a sort of stupid, false patriotism which made them think that it was "unpatriotic" to admit that there could be anything in any country which was better than the corresponding thing in our own country; sometimes it was simply a thick ignorance—the people who talked like that were too ignorant to know what was happening in other countries. No one with knowledge, for example, could possibly argue that the streets in the outlying suburbs of some of our biggest Australian cities were as well made or well kept as those of the London or Paris suburbs. To persist in believing that they were as good was simply to blunder along in darkness and ignorance, with rough roads and dusty verandahs and doorsteps, when by visiting other countries, and seeing that clean smooth roads are possible, we could have lived much more comfortably. The man who took that stupid attitude

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and lived with his eyes shut was not nearly as bad as the man who believed that nothing good could come out of Australia. But he was a great danger and a handicap on every chance of brilliant progress. That was because he refused to face the real facts; as if it were possible that a great nation like Britain or Germany or America or France could have its available brains concentrated on a certain problem (say) of road- or railway-making, or the sanitation of cities, or the manufacture of aniline dyes, or the methods of butter-making—without having something valuable to teach us or anyone else when they had finished.

Many of us believe that the young Australians with enthusiasm can do *anything*. We have seen them produce the wonderful appliances for sound-ranging, for shooting from aeroplanes, for wireless telephony, which were described in Chapter VII. We have watched their brains and energy come out exceedingly high in this fierce, sudden competition of all nations. We believe that our youngsters are capable of the most wonderful services to their country; of the most brilliant inventions; of splendid organisation; of wonderful scientific discovery and the application of it to medicine, to farming, to sea or land, or even air transport; we think that, with their enthusiasm, they are capable of devising a wonderful life for Australians; and of leading the science of the world in so many different branches as to keep the pride of Australia as high in peace as it has been in war.

Take first the field of Commerce. We can probably keep our head up there if we use the brains.

There were two very important causes at work, which helped to produce these surprisingly brilliant war inventions. Firstly, the young Australians who made them were not working for extra salaries or profits. People often say that the prospect of unlimited

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profits is the only reason which will induce a youngster to take the trouble of experimenting and improving our scientific knowledge or our machinery or methods. That is not true. These were some of the most brilliant inventions ever made, and salaries and profits had nothing whatever to do with them. These Australians were working because they knew the whole of their side needed these inventions; because these inventions would help their nation in the terrible struggle, and the nation would honour the men who made them. These young Australians were serving under seniors who were not the sort that only appealed to them to line their own pockets, but under men who were working for the country, and who put to these young Australians the high idea that they too, and everyone else on that expedition, were working for their country.

The leaders in this war have not all been ideal or unselfish leaders; but very many of them have been. And the unselfish leader has been the best leader all the time. We know in the Australian Army that everything depends upon the tone which the leader sets to his men. We know that a good battalion commander always means a good battalion. Any Australian colonel who has been devoted to duty himself, and who is able to keep up in his men and officers a high ideal of their work, has been able to do anything with Australians—anything. There has been no necessity to appeal to their selfish instincts or love of comfort or pleasure—any capable man with high ideals finds that there were never such people to handle in the world as young Australians. They only need a straight clean lead by someone who can show them and keep before them the high, fine reasons for the work, and not any low or mean motives, and they will fling themselves into it with an enthusiasm and fiery energy which the older peoples

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of the world are scarcely capable of. They will tackle the job, whatever it is, each from his own frank, fresh, unbiased point of view, laughing at the idea that the job was impossible.

Australia in peace should not have to promise unlimited selfish profits any more than in war. But in that case, in the first place, on you, statesmen, heads of departments, professors, school masters, leaders in any way of Australians, there is a tremendous responsibility to see that your leadership is not dull nor lifeless, but the keen, intelligent, high-idealised lead which young Australians deserve. It is up to you to show them that their work is for the benefit of their country and to keep that high idea before them, fearlessly showing them what is the highest line that they can take in their country's interest. They will follow—never fear—follow you with all their enthusiasm and their wonderful energy if only your lead is brave and straight.

There is at least one great factory in Australia where they are taking a line which suggests great things in the future. When the private employer gave place to the limited company in the last century, the private employer's conscience went with him. Most companies had no conscience. It was not "business"; and therefore it was no concern of theirs how their men were housed, or lived, or what chance they had of amusement. That was the rotten economy of the nineteenth century. But there is a great company in Tasmania, a new centre of busy industry, where the far-seeing, broadminded man at the head has organised his staff deliberately and intentionally on the lines found successful at the front. He has one department under a manager, with nothing else to do except the special business of seeing to the comfort, housing, recreation and social welfare of his employees. It is the conscience of the company. He has his can-

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teens and clothing stores, and his plan for a model town-ship. And he watches his youngsters with eyes as keen to pick out and promote the bright and efficient man as are those of the very best of colonels. That way lies a great Australia.

Secondly, Australians did what they did in this war not by refusing to learn from other countries, but by going out and picking up the very best that other countries could give them. They went into this great business of the war and looked about them, and went to schools of bombing, schools of musketry, officers' training battalions, schools of flying. They worked in the experimental departments of the air service; they waited a while and watched the tunnelling systems of the English tunnelling companies. And then they set to work, like ants, and, after learning thoroughly the methods of others in every sort of school and elsewhere, they began to work out from the point others had reached. Their tunnelling companies, with electric and mechanical appliances, gradually set the standard for all France; after four years of hard training in the British method of attack the Australians developed methods which began to be adopted as the methods for the whole British Army; and the British army schools began to teach methods of patrolling and even of attack which were admittedly largely modelled on the Australian methods.

This was not done by saying: "We are the best people in the world. We have nothing to learn from anyone." It was done by being ready to go anywhere and learn anything from anyone who had something useful to teach. That humility—the quickness of imagination which can see and grasp instantly the good points of other men, other places, and other methods—is the first necessity for greatness. The attitude that we

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are so fine that we have nothing to learn would not be merely an attitude of rank ignorance; it would be the greatest danger to Australia.

If we are only ready to learn from anyone in the world who has anything useful to teach us, and if we are as ready as our soldier inventors were to work for the sake of the honour which it brings to Australia that she might lead the way in every science and in all her industries, then there are thousands of avenues open for helping to keep Australia amongst the foremost nations.

For Australia after this war will surely have her universities or other institutions at work on research into every single thing that is useful for the country to know; they will be probing and devising the best sort of sanitation for our country towns and country farms; they will be experimenting as to what is the best sort of house for our hot climates, and the best sort for our cold climates; they will be hunting down and isolating every microbe which makes life in the north unhealthy and devising every means for avoiding them—that is a matter of enormous importance to Australia, how to live healthily in the north. We know that if the A.I.F. had to send a division there to-morrow, and people said: “You cannot live there healthily,” the A.I.F. would say: “Well, it has got to be done somehow,” and would straight away organise the best health staff that it could get together; and would probably add a “Northern Territory Amusements Branch” to its quartermaster’s staff; and a special “Tropical Housing Branch” to its engineer staff; and a “Mosquito Extermination Section,” and any other sections which the brains of man could devise for dealing with all known causes of difficulty in the life up there; and probably it would not be content to leave the responsibility of experimental work to others; but, though it was only a division, it would set

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up a "Tropical Trouble's Research Branch" to tackle the science of the thing on the spot, and help to extend our knowledge of what the causes of those difficulties really were. We *know* that, in the efficient condition which the A.I.F. in France attained towards the end of its career, it would face the problem of living healthily in the tropics, and would move its little family of 20,000 there, and live successfully there, with its picture-shows, its canteens, its divisional baths, its games, its various fly-avoiding and mosquito-destroying apparatus, its perfect water precautions and clean, flyless sanitation—all organised so that it could do there the wonderful amount of purposeful work which it was sent there to perform.

The Australian universities will surely set to study every plant, every grass and tree in our country, to make sure whether the full use is being made of them. The world's most famous wheat grain was only an ordinary grass once, growing in Asia. The world's most precious mahogany was only a tree growing in the dark of unknown and unvisited forests. Are we certain that amongst our grasses, with their wonderful power of resisting drought, there may not be some that science can turn to an immense value; or that Australian trees may some day be better known than mahogany? One tree, for example, the red cedar of New South Wales, which, with its beautiful wood, might have lined the railway carriages and furnished the great public buildings of half the world, in many places remains now only in the names of the valleys and hill-slopes where it once grew—Cedar Vale, Cedar Gully. May there not be fifty such trees in Australia? And may not our hill-slopes some day be covered again with forests scientifically grown and tenderly nursed by men who have studied the forests of Australia and of the world?

Will not the States and Commonwealth have immense laboratories applying all the brilliance of the young

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Australian to problems of wheat and wool; or of our Australian water supply and the best use of it? Where the water supply of our continent is so precious is it not the bounden duty of every one of us to use his brains in devising that every drop of our regular river water shall be used to the utmost? If it costs us untold millions, we are bound as a nation to do it in the end; to see our rivers dammed and locked and the precious land used to the very last axiom of science which we or any other country can apply.

We are bound to think out the very best organisation for a sheep station or a farm; for marketing or carriage; the best and cleanest system of sale-yards and slaughter-yards; the most complete use of every by-product in our meat factories down to the last hair of the bullock's tail; the best means of shipping. You, thousands of you who lay awake nights in order to fit in that smooth transport of stores, ammunition, and men along crowded roads, down to the last fraction of a second's timing, which broke the German on August 8th, 1918, before Amiens, are you going to let our country muddle along with any less perfect methods in future?

It is worth all the brains and energy we can throw into it—not for any profit or selfishness, but for the efficiency and the happiness of Australia. It is up to the State (that is to say to all of us) to see that the laboratories and research departments exist in our universities and for our great industries, into which our youngsters can throw their Australian enthusiasm, and where they can use their brains as much as they desire for the service of their country. It is a lie to say that huge selfish fortunes are necessary for brilliant work; the greatest men in the world have never been, and cannot be, rich men. Foch's brains did not need the salary of a Rockefeller; Nelson never had the salary of the manager of a second-rate insurance company; there is not a single one of the greatest or most famous men in history who needed a promise of unlimited riches to make him work

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—many died poor, and a modest salary, and the honour paid them by their countrymen, and above all the great work they did for the work's sake, were enough for the best of them.

In the old Australia, before the war, we did not treat our greatest men generously. One of the men who did the greatest work for the old Australia was the man who worked out the best of his life in experimenting to produce by science a kind of wheat which would best grow in the Australian climate. His name was Farrer, and in the end he produced a wonderful wheat which has brought millions of pounds to Australia. But he was left to live and die in poverty, and with little honour, in the old Australia. Another—perhaps quite as great a man in Australian history—spent his life and his fortune in experimenting to invent a method of carrying meat from Australia to Europe in freezing chambers. About the time that he solved the problem he died, discouraged, and in ruin.

In the war—with the new Australia of the A.I.F., in which everyone was working for his country, it was the policy to reward good work with promotion, and to mark it out with simple honours and distinctions for each youngster who did good work above the rest. It was not perfect—no system is, but it kept a wonderful liveliness in the Australian force. Men were working with enthusiasm, not for pay or profit, but for the work itself and its recognition. We know by that experience that if we encourage young Australians to work—in laboratories, in training schools, in industries—for their country, they will work with a wonderful enthusiasm. Why not in peace?

If Australia will use her youngsters in this way she will get wonderful service from them—enthusiasm piled high, fiery, brilliant energy, brimming and running over.

It only needs a high and generous lead.

XVI.

EDUCATION.

A country is not as happy nor as prosperous as it ought to be unless it is making full use of all the brains, character, and bodily strength of every new citizen that is born into its nation. If, for example, a country possesses children who might grow up into brilliant artists, singers and musicians, but for want of a scheme of education it leaves them to learn only the three R's, or even unable to read or write, then it is not going to enjoy the music, or pictures, or songs which it might enjoy. If it has, amongst its poorer children, some who have the sort of intellect to be able to invent, after years of experiment, a method of carrying peaches and apricots fresh to the English or North American market at their midwinter; if it possesses such a boy or girl and yet leaves him or her with only sufficient education to sit upon the tailboard of a delivery van or run messages in an office, then it is going to be much poorer than it ought to be. For a system of delivering fresh peaches in Europe would probably make every Australian a little wealthier.

The nation likely to be most prosperous and happy is the one in which every boy and girl is enabled to use his or her brain and character in exactly the work for which they are best fitted, so that this country gets the whole value out of every citizen in it. To see that every young citizen fills, as far as possible, exactly the job he is most capable for—that is the object of the States system of education. It should not only enable each youngster to reach the employment he is best fitted for; it should, with all its power, encourage him to do so.

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How can the State best do that: ensure that the son of a dustman, if he has the capacity for it, becomes a judge of the High Court, while the only person who becomes a dustman is the man who is fitted for it, whatever his birth? And á propos of that, some people have said: "If you improve the brains of every boy to their best capacity, you will not have anyone fit for a dustman. Nor for a ploughman. Nor for a labourer." Well, what if we do not, is it going to be any worse for our country if, in the end, the dustman becomes an engineer driving a machine which automatically does the work of twenty dustmen, or if the old farm hand with a hoe becomes a skilled farm mechanic driving a motor plough, or the only wharf labourer, some day, a brakeman superintending some elaborate hydraulic machinery for discharging ships? That is the way these old manual industries of the older centuries are already developing in the new world with advanced education and brilliant invention. Is not that an ideal to work for, if education can bring it about?

But that is straying from the point. How can the State ensure that each young Australian who comes into the world drops as nearly as possible into the work in life which his brain and character fit him for?

Only by a system of education which gives to every child born an equal chance (and positive active encouragement) to develop every ounce of brain power, physical strength, and manly or womanly character that is in them; which takes them from the Primary School, if they have capacity, either to the High School or to the Trade School, and from there to the University or the Agricultural College or the Technical School, or Commonwealth Military or Naval College, or to a School for the Merchant Sea Service of Australia, or the Conservatorium of Music or Painting or Sculpture in any of our

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great towns, or possibly even in some of the big country centres—which lies open; in short, to every Australian child the whole, well thought out, carefully planned educational system which we will some day have in the new Australia. You have to make that system, young Australians. It is one of the greatest works, perhaps the greatest, that you can do for your country. You can help in it either by thinking out and supporting the creation of such a system, or, ten times better still, by taking part in it as teachers *for the sake of the work you will be doing for Australia.*

Now what sort of a system would an ideal system be? What parts of the child ought the system to educate? There was a time when the idea most people had of education was that the only sort that was any good (a "bread-and-butter education" they called it) was an education (save the mark!) which taught a boy to add up figures, so that at the earliest possible age he could be pitched out into an office and set to add up columns of money there. And so they chose an education which set him to do what are called "tots"—to add up huge columns of figures first upwards and then downwards and then sideways and all other ways, and then, when he was sick to death of the mere sight of a figure, he was sent to add up figures for a livelihood. He had never been given an idea in life—except the hated figures. He had not been taught of other lands and their peoples; he had not learnt of other countries and their stories. He had not even learnt the conditions or the story of his own land. He had never been induced to read a decent book or to sing a decent song. He did not know enough of his own people or country or any other people or country to read even the daily newspaper with interest. His guardians would have regarded it as sheer waste of money to teach him these things with a view to his

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having decent amusements to occupy his spare time or intervals in a lonely life such a men often have to lead in Australia. They wanted to give him a "business education." They forgot that the first quality wanted in any decent business was strength and honesty of character, and then strength of brains and imagination, and finally strength of body. They treated education as if it were for the brain only, and proceeded to starve ninety-nine hundredths of the brain itself, while cramming the remaining hundredth with an appalling, overwhelming diet of "tots."

Surely the truth is that the proper object for education is every part of the boy which can be educated—that is: body, mind, and character.

As to the education of the mind, the first object of the State is to discover *all* the powers in a boy or girl, or let them discover themselves by giving them sufficient knowledge to understand their own people and country and history and literature and other people and their countries and something of their histories; to tell them enough of this world and its natural laws to make it an interesting place to live in; to enable them to read their daily paper with intelligence, and to be useful citizens; and then, having first given them the ability to understand the world, to help them with all the means in its power to develop whatever special talent they possess—a brilliant conservatorium for the artist or musician; a splendid agricultural college for the farmer; a technical or mechanical training for the boy who revels in machinery; the most complete laboratories for the young Australian who is fascinated by the secrets which science still withholds. That is to say—first a liberal education for all; then a system of high schools, colleges, and wider educational institutions specially designed on a well thought out plan (like a plan of operation in the

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war) to lead the youth of Australia straight to every objective which Australia needs; or like so many canals leading away the young stream of Australian life straight to every point at which they will enter the great sea of the nation's life. Every great industry, every calling, every science, every business, every urgent need of Australia should have its special school behind it deliberately designed to help young Australians to undertake it, so that in every walk of life they may begin, as far as possible, equipped by the experience of the world, and begin where the rest of the world has left off.

The great training ground of the bodily strength of Australians is probably, more than any other, the home and garden, and the healthy air and conditions around them. The military training and the competitive sports that will probably now go with it, and the love of the country holiday will also help our city folk to avoid the weakness which comes from city life in many countries. But the encouragement of country life, and the preservation of "country" conditions in our cities are the basis of our bodily health. Given gardens, beaches, playgrounds, and fresh air, the youth of Australia will see to his own exercise in the cities, and in the country towns, if organisation for amusement is difficult to maintain without help, it should be the duty of statesmen to help him.

But the most important of the three qualities of every Australian is character. If you think it out—the big thing in the war for Australia was the discovery of the character of Australian men. It was character which rushed the hills at Gallipoli and held on there during the long afternoon and night, when everything seemed to have gone wrong and there was only the barest hope of success. It was character which made the Australian soldier say on thousands of occasions: "It's better to

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risk it over the open than stand here faltering, wondering whether to cross the open or not; it is better to go slap dash straight through the barrage with ammunition waggon than weakly loiter by on the off-chance that the barrage may lift; the chaps out there now, in shell-holes, want their guns to protect them; they must have their rations, poor beggars; let us get the food to them hot." It was character which made them decide instantly, on all occasions, and which, when they had decided, caused them to hang on despite rain, despite mud, with the waggon apparently helplessly stuck, or the platoon hopelessly off its track, not to give up as thousands would do, but to go on trying first this means and then that until at last the waggon did come clear or the platoon did find its way.

They had a character which firstly led them fearlessly and independently to face each problem; to turn round to it squarely and apply their mind to it straight. It was character which made of the Australian girl such a true "sister" to the men, even amidst the bombs at Abbeville or Trois Arbres.

Secondly, Australians had the habit of making decisions without always referring to someone else for advice—a very rare and precious habit these days.

Thirdly, when they had once made up their mind they went at their job with a boyish enthusiasm which carried them through everything, even when things seemed hopeless. They seemed to be able, with that single firm twist of decision, to screw themselves so tight that in spite of strain they did not work loose or wobble any more. Complete frankness and freshness in tackling any problem; the habit of making decisions for themselves; a fresh enthusiasm in carrying them out; those three were the outstanding qualities which made the fighting power of the A.I.F. so great. How can

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Australian education encourage those qualities? Where did they come from?

They probably came from the adventurous spirit of our ancestors who wandered out here to discover a fresh world for themselves apart from the old settled ideas and traditions of the old world. They have been preserved ever since by the bush and the mining camp, where each man is forced to settle every problem for himself or else the problems will settle him (much as happens in war). It is the difficulties of our country that have made our character—not its ease. The character of city Australians is really founded on the bush also. The country is so wide and empty to-day that almost everyone in the biggest city has lived in the bush (or else his parents or his friends have). Our boys hear or read the stories of the bush, and the standards they have in their minds are in nine cases out of ten the standards of the bush.

Now this freshness of outlook, resourcefulness, and habit of making decisions has to be preserved by some deliberate plan as our country grows more inhabited and the bush gradually recedes. It will never quite disappear; there will always be huge central tracts where the population is scanty. But only one or two in every hundred will live there, whereas twenty in every hundred live there now. How are we to make up for the loss of the bush as the training ground for our national character?

Like everything else it can be done if we use our brains in planning that it shall be done. Each young Australian in his life passes through two great schools of character.

The first is his home. The second is his school, college, or apprenticeship.

The greatest factor in all education (in spite of all

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other set ideas about it) is the home, and beyond question a boy or girl's greatest educator is their mother. During the years when they are learning two-thirds of their life's knowledge, that is to say, during the first seven years of their life, their only educator is their mother, and their only school is their home, and the influence of a boy's mother on his character probably continues the greatest influence all through his life.

Give a boy a free home and country holidays, such as Australians have nowadays, and he will learn decision and resourcefulness for himself. So this education can be helped firstly by seeing that all homes are healthy and beautiful, and that the only playground is not the gutter; by seeing that conditions are such that a mother has time and opportunity to bring up her children carefully when they are in the city; and that each family has the time and the money and the inducement (in cheap fares or any other way) to take its holidays in the country, even if it cannot live there, which is the best.

The home conditions can, therefore, be planned to keep our young Australians possessed of these three characteristics—freshness, decision, enthusiasm. Our schools—the second great educator—can do their best work by adding an all-important quality to their character—public spirit. It would be possible to write many volumes upon what a school or college, or even an apprenticeship, ought to be. It is the factory of the nation, and according as it is planned so will the nation be turned out (at present in many countries it is not planned at all). Those who read this book must be left to plan out the ideal school for themselves. But this much may be said:

Whatever system a nation adopts for its life in these modern days—Socialism, Liberalism, Conservatism—really depends upon each citizen being so trained that he

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can be trusted upon to do his duty to the State, and undertake, without shirking, his fair portion of the nation's work. The other citizens, if they are to do their share, must be able to depend upon his doing his part. Under a Conservative system the farmhand must be sure that the great landowners will do their duty, for example. Under a Socialist system each worker or official must be able to trust all his partners in the State. How can that be done without giving to the character of every child the most generous, careful education? In the great English and Australian schools, where education is more or less expensive, immense care is taken in developing the character of every boy who goes through them by giving him a strong sense of his duty to his country, making him public-spirited, ready to stand up for the interests of the community even if his own selfish interests point another way. Why should not every Australian child and student be given the advantage of character-training as careful as that of the very best schools in the world? We do it magnificently for soldiers at Duntroon and sailors at Jervis Bay. Why not for others?

What does it need? It means that the masters of the schools must be chosen, like the officers of an Australian battalion, not so much for what they *know*, but for what they *are*. They must be men and women whose characters the boys or girls under them will admire and respect; men who know men, who can stand strong in the world. There must be enough of them to allow them personally to attend to every pupil not only in school, but on the great character-training ground of the British race—the playground—also. They should themselves be men or women trained in places where they, too, have the advantage of contact with great and inspiring men. If we have teachers' training colleges at our universi-

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ties the thing is not difficult. The first step would be to see that the head of each college was a man of altogether outstanding character, with full power to choose his own staff. That is the lesson learnt a thousand times over by the A.I.F.

All this means money on education—good salaries—numerous staff—careful selection and training. But nowhere will either care or expense be either better or more instantly repaid than in this factory of the nation.

There is one danger in a factory. Unless you specially provide against its doing so, it will turn out all articles exactly alike. Now the last thing in the world that Australians want is that their young Australians, when poured out of school, should all be exactly similar to one another. For example, we want every musical Australian to have a chance of developing his music, but we do not want them all to compose exactly the same sort of music; it would be a great loss of pleasure to the nation if all our artists painted the same sort of pictures in the same sort of way; we want all our houses to be built by skilled and trained men—perhaps no man should be allowed to build a house unless he is qualified; but we do not want all our architects to build the same sort of house. It would be bad if all our politicians held the same sort of theory. The one chance of progress in our country is in the bright clash of all sorts of varied ideas. We want each problem looked at from every sort of angle. It is the life-blood of our Australian advancement; there is nothing an Australian loves so much as the interesting clash of opinions in a good debate—he learns from it all the time.

Therefore we want as much variety as possible in our training. We have only to plan for it and we can bring it about. We might leave some of our education in local hands, help the towns to have their own conservatoria of

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music, or encourage varied points of view in our art and technical schools, and differences in our universities.

Lastly, when we have adapted the whole education of Australia to make the most out of every young Australian, then let the country use to the uttermost the youngsters that it has made. Let the town clerks and city architects be those in all our youth who have come to the front in the study of city construction, city planning and city government. Let our road and other engineers have learned their subjects in places where the road work of all the world is taught. We force our doctors to qualify by a high degree of training, and our lawyers and accountants also. But when we fit our schools and universities to teach the knowledge of almost *every* science in our national life (as we were forced, for mere efficiency, to do with our A.I.F. schools in France), then let us use to the uttermost limit the young Australians whom we have taken such pains to train.

We have never used brains upon any sort of plan worthy of the name for the progress and happiness of our nation. We have the only country in the world that is still to make. Sixty thousand young Australians, who left Australia in high hopes to fight for her, sixty thousand who will never return to her dear shores, have preserved that power to us. We can make her what we will.

It is in your hands, Australians.



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